The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1

THE READER—
Sir William Robertson Nicoll. By Sidney Dark 9
The Bookman: A Thirty Years' Record. By W. M. Parker 11
Prize Competitions 16
From Homer to Dante. By George Saintsbury .. 19
Wordsworth's One Romance. By Major S. Butterworth 20
An American Talks with John Masefield. By Charles Hanson Towne 22
A. S. M. Hutchinson. By Louis J. McQuilland .. 23

NEW BOOKS—
Weighed in the Balances. By Professor John Adams .. 24
The Privet Hedge 25
Thick or Clear? By George Sampson 26
The Tribal God 26
Joanna Godden. By Gerald Cumberland 26
The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener. By F. Britten Austin 28
English Association Essays. By Eugene Mason .. 30
The Approach to Art. By Frank Rutter 32
Mr. Gay 33
Mr. Waddington of Wyck .. 34
Jacob's Ladder 34
Stories by Lafcadio Hearn. By John Freeman .. 34
Scottish Nationality. By W. S. Crockett 35
An Egoist 36
Men and Marvels. By Wilfrid L. Randell .. 37
Adah Isaacs Menken. By S. R. Littlewood 38
Four Fingers and a Thumb. By C. A. Dawson Scott .. 38
Six Who Sing. By W. H. Chesson 40

NOVEL NOTES—
Quin—David the Son of Jesse—Renewal—The Jungle Girl—His Chinese Idol—An Island Wooing—The Hall and the Grange—Mrs. Bindle—Their Hearts—Trial by Ordeal 42-44

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Morocco That Was—John Patrick, 3rd Marquess of Bute—The Decameron of Boccaccio—Give Me the Young—Man's Descent from the Gods—A Book of Verse—The Fringe of Immortality 46-48

MUSIC—
The Songs of Ralph Vaughan Williams. By Rodney Bennett 48
Certain Songs of the Day. By May Byron 50
Notes on New Music 50

THE DRAMA—
Chauve-Souris. By Francis D. Grierson 51
Starlight. By Graham Sutton 52
The Real Irishman 53
Woman to Woman—The Love Thief 54

THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED AUTUMN SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The literary contents of the November Bookman will include articles on "Lord Rosebery as Essayist," by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell; on "The Poetry of W. H. Davies," by Thomas Moult; "Portraits of the Nineties," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Rabelais," by C. E. Lawrence; "The Craft of the Short Story," by Douglas Newton; "Stravinsky," by Dr. Eaglefield Hull, etc.

The "Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury," by Lady Gwendolen Cecil, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. John Masefield's new poem, "King Cole of England," a short story in verse, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Heinemann. It is to be illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Judith Masefield.

In "From Private to Field-Marshal," which Messrs. Constable have just published, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson has told the story of his own life—a frank and delightfully intimate account of a romantic and brilliantly successful career.

Mr. Frank Mumby is following his history of "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart" with "The Fall of Mary Stuart: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters." The book will be published by Messrs. Constable, who are also publishing "Crowding Memories," by Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, wife of the American poet, who has recollections and anecdotes of Dickens, Mark Twain, Lowell, Oscar Wilde, and many another.

"Oliver Cromwell," Mr. John Drinkwater's new play, is to be published this month by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, who are publishing also his new book of poems, "Seeds of Time."

Most men before they write their reminiscences wait until they grow old, and so, forgetting some things and having lost touch with others, get everything out of perspective. Mr. Stephen

XUM

McKenna has taken Time by the forelock and in "While I Remember," which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing, has written down his recollections before the bloom has gone from them. In particular, he gives a view from the standpoint of youth, by a man still young, of the social, political and literary aspects of the time we have just come through.

With the death of Mr. Austin Dobson, in his eighty-second year, we lose one of the most charming and distinctive of the lesser Victorian poets and essayists. The eighteenth century was his province; his "Horace Walpole" and "Henry Fielding" are little masterpieces in biography, the Fielding especially, which drew an enthusiastic eulogium from James Russell Lowell; his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," "Old Kensington Palace," "At Prior Park," and other essays in eighteenth century life and literature have the familiar ease and graciousness that belong to Goldsmith and Addison; but it is as a poet perhaps that he will remain, at last, in the world's remembrance. And in his verse, too, he has caught the finer spirit of the eighteenth century—its airy wit without its coarseness, its grace, its courtesy, its delightful artifices of manner and style, and to these he added a tenderness and delicacy of feeling that are all his own. He is of the line of Prior, but with a more exquisite fancy, a daintier touch. He did not aspire to tread the higher walks of poetry; he knew the measure of his gift and was contented to cultivate his own fragrant garden on the lower slopes of Parnassus, and has made of it a thing of beauty that in its quiet fashion will remain a joy for ever.

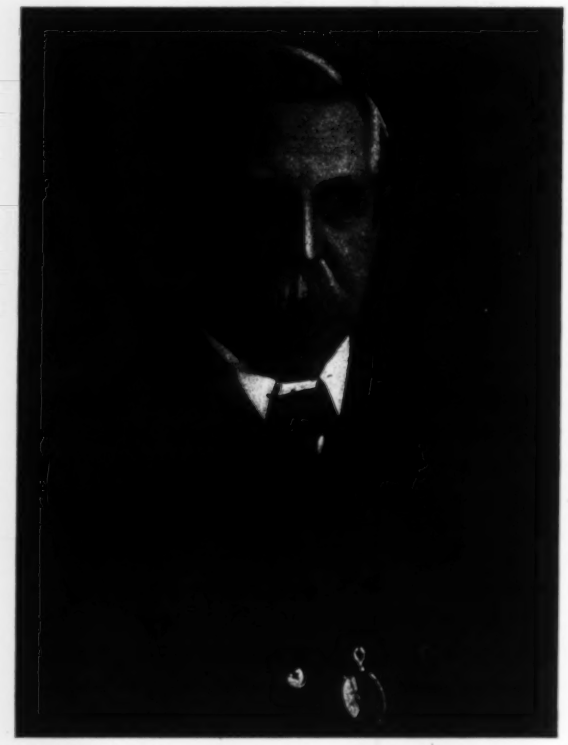


Photo by Elliott & Fry

Mr. Austin Dobson.

An anecdotal and descriptive account of Algeria is given in "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East," by A. MacCallum Scott, M.P., which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is to publish this month.

The Oxford Press published last week "Minor Poets of the Caroline Period." Professor Saintsbury explains how fifteen years have passed since the last volume appeared, and that he has been obliged to exclude some poets on whom he has bestowed more or less labour. As it is, this final instalment includes John Cleveland, Thomas Stanley, Henry King, Thomas Flatman, and Nathaniel Whiting.

The next addition to the Clarendon English series will be "Cowper: Poetry and Prose," including essays by Hazlitt and Bagehot. Mr. Humphrey S. Milford, who publishes the series, has written an introduction and annotated the book. "Cowper" in the Oxford Poets was edited by Mr. Milford.

"The Fruit of the Tree," a new novel by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, dealing acutely and humorously with the growing distaste of the intellectual woman for the burdens of motherhood, and the disturbing consequences of that revolt, will be published this autumn by Mr. Leonard Parsons, who is publishing also "Socialism and Personal Liberty," by Robert Dell, author of "My Second Country."

"A Letter Book," by George Saintsbury, D. Litt., LL.D., which Messrs. G. Bell & Sons are publishing forthwith, contains a selection of letters ranging from Synesius to Stevenson, with biographical and critical notes and an Introductory Essay on the History and Art of Letter Writing.

Messrs. Heinemann are publishing this month an edition of Milton's "Comus," with twenty-four colour plates and black-and-white decorations by Arthur Rackham. They are adding to their collected edition of Fiona Macleod's works, "The Hills of Ruhl, and Other Stories," illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Marjory Lawrence.

The same firm, in addition to the collected edition of the Works of Max Beerbohm, are publishing this autumn, "A Survey: Fifty-one Cartoons by Max Beerbohm," these being the drawings recently exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, with "Max's" comments on them. They are also publishing "Max Beerbohm in Perspective," by Bohun Lynch, a critical study of Mr. Beerbohm's work from his first appearance in the *Yellow Book* to the present day, the illustrations including ten of his caricatures that have never before been published.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith,

whose new novel, "Joanna Godden" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

More than a third of "An Anthology of Verse," which Sir Henry Newbolt has compiled and edited for Messrs. George Bell & Sons, consists of poems by modern writers.

Mr. John Lane has just published "The Return, and Other Poems," a new book by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.

"Poems: 1916–1920," by John Middleton Murry, which Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson published last week, is the first collection Mr. Murry has made of his verses, which have hitherto appeared only in small private editions and in various periodicals.

The sixth and last volume of Karl Mantzius's "History of Theatrical Art," which Messrs. Duckworth have published, deals with the stage under the Kembles and Kean in England, Talma in France and Goethe in Germany.

"Smoke," by Thomas Burke, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, is a series of vividly impressionistic sketches of the great industrial towns of the Midlands and the North.

Mr. Oliver Onions's new novel, "The Tower of Oblivion," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately, is a powerful, fantastically imaginative story of how Derwent Rose at forty-five, instead of continuing to grow older, started to grow younger, mentally and physically.

"Weird Islands," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are to publish this month, is a fantastic fairy tale which M. Jean de Bosschère has written and illustrated with a hundred and twenty black-and-white drawings in his own characteristically fanciful and grotesque manner.

"Literature and Life," a collection of essays by E. B. Osborn, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

"The Island of Youth," a new volume of verse by Edward Shanks, will be published presently by Messrs. Collins.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is to be congratulated on the excellent start he has made with his new half-crown series of popular novels. The first volumes include "Rodney Stone," "Tristram of Blent," "Red Pottage," "The Four Feathers," "Almayer's Folly," and "In Kedar's Tents." Well printed and well bound, the books are, especially in these times, a marvel of cheapness.

Mrs. Lilian Arnold,

whose new novel, "The Something Better," Mr. John Long is publishing.
Mrs. Arnold is editor of *The Ladies' Field*.

A war novel, which Messrs. Putnams are publishing this autumn, is "The Way of Revelation," by Wilfrid Ewart, whose work is said to challenge comparison with Tolstoy.

A new edition of the perennial Omar Khayyám will be published this autumn by Mr. Leopold Hill, with a series of very striking illustrations in colour by Doris M. Palmer, the wife of Mr. Cecil Palmer, the well-known publisher.

XUM

Mr. Frederic Chamberlin,
whose "Private Character of Queen Elizabeth" Mr. John Lane is publishing.

Mrs. Palmer has done admirable work in book illustration and decorative design, and in these Omar pictures, so far her most ambitious work, she shows originality and imaginative power; they have beauty as well as that touch of Oriental mysticism and the bizarre that are inherent in the poem.

Mr. Frederic Chamberlin has distilled many years of careful and disinterested study into his "Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," and when Mr. John Lane issues his book early in October it is certain of a brisk and controversial reception at least. But it bids fair to present a mass of carefully collected evidence, sifted by a man who has spent years in the study and practice of the law, and done notable service in American and European journalism, and issued some vivid books of travel. Mr. Chamberlin lives in the Balearic Isles, and this has given him access to those Spanish archives which bid fair more and more to be the happy hunting-ground for the English historian, especially of Tudor times. But he says there is no spot in the world, of the many he has dwelt in, that attracts him like a certain patch of London that lies between Hyde Park and Temple Bar.

"The Old House," which Mr. Philip Allan publishes, will introduce to the British public an author who has already met with an extraordinarily successful reception on the Continent. Miss Cécile Tormay is an aristocrat, of a very ancient Hungarian line. During the recent upheavals she was arrested by the Bolsheviks, tried, and sentenced to be hanged in front of the Parliament House in Budapest, but happily circumstances intervened to prevent the sentence from being carried out. She is connected with most of the one-time ruling families of her country. Counts Julius Andrassy and Albert Apponyi are among her friends and she was well acquainted with the late Count Tisza, of whose assassination she gives a detailed account in her Diary. This Diary, which Mr. Allan hopes to publish next year, recounts her experiences during the late debacle of Hungary, following the armistice, and is described as one of the most human documents that have appeared for many years. "The Old House," Miss Tormay's first book, sold 26,000 copies within a year of its appearance; a German translation ran through six editions; and it has already been translated into Norwegian, Swedish and Dutch. Her second book, "Men Between Stones," which Mr. Allan will publish next spring, sold over 30,000 copies within two and a half months of its appearance, and has already been translated into almost all the literary languages of Europe, the French version being done by the famous novelist, Marcelle Tinayre.

Miss Cécile Tormay.

Mr. Percy Moore Turner,
author of "The Appreciation of Painting" (Selwyn & Blount), reviewed in this Number.

"The Second Person Singular," a volume of reprinted literary essays by Mrs. Meynell, will be published almost immediately by Mr. Humphrey Milford.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell has written and illustrated an Introduction to "Practical Things with Simple Tools," a book for boy mechanics which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing shortly.

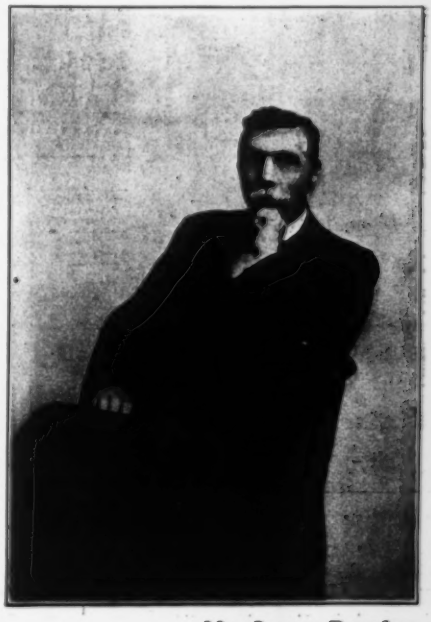
Mr. R. James Minney, whose first novel, "Maki," Mr. John Lane is publishing, was born at

Calcutta in 1895 a few days after the arrival of his parents in India. His father worked for many years as a medical practitioner in Calcutta and Darjeeling, and the son was sent to school in Darjeeling, and later home to England where he continued his studies, ultimately entering the University of London and joining King's College. It was at first intended that he should study for the Indian Civil Service, but his bent was towards a literary career as shown by sundry contributions to his school and college periodicals, and abandoning the idea of studying for the Civil Service, he returned to India and took to journalism. He worked for a few years on the editorial staff of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, and later joined the Calcutta *Englishman*. Mr. Minney wrote a good deal for this paper. His earliest collection of articles on the night life of the city of Calcutta were put together between covers by a local publisher, and the book had a very brisk sale. His next book was descriptive of a ride to the passes to Tibet, a book that revealed an excellent narrative style. Next some skits and sketches on Indian life, social and political, were issued in book form by Kipling's first publisher, Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. of Allahabad. Mr. Minney's next book dealt with his flight from Calcutta to Bombay the first time the journey was undertaken aerially. It was entitled "Across India by Air." Then followed "Maki," his first venture in fiction, though he had written a number of short stories that were published in India. Not a bad record for a writer who is still well under thirty.

Mrs. Florence Barclay,
whose biography, by her daughter, Messrs. Putnams are publishing this autumn.

No one who knows Mr. James Bowden would guess he has reached the seventy-third year of his age, but he says that he has, and for this reason and because his health has failed a little lately he has decided to resign the position he has held for the last twenty-three years as Lay Secretary and General Manager of the Religious Tract Society. Those who have the best means of knowing bear testimony to the fine idealism and unassuming organising ability with which he has conducted and developed the business of the R.T.S. for nearly a quarter of a century past. It is good to read of his relations with his staff, and the numerous authors with whom he has had dealings, in the articles by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Miss Flora Klickmann and Dr. Grinton Berry in the current numbers of the *Girl's Own Paper* and the *Sunday at Home*. Always a strenuous worker, Mr. Bowden began his career at the age of sixteen in the publishing firm of Messrs. S. O. Beeton; later he became managing partner of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, and withdrew from that firm to start a publishing business of his own, which he gave up in order to devote himself entirely to the work

The late Mr. Claud Lovat Fraser,
whose illustrated edition of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" (Heinemann) is reviewed in this Number.



Mr. James Bowden.

XUM

of the R.T.S. Also for a time, whilst he was conducting his own publishing business, he was managing director of Messrs. George Routledge's affairs. He takes with him into his retirement the affection and good wishes of a multitude of friends, these including all who have worked with him and, as he will find it difficult to be idle in the spare time he has from those religious activities in which he has always been engaged, it is to be hoped he will write his recollections, for he has known many famous authors and, as Miss Klickmann says, "his experiences have been of unusual interest, and cover years that have seen wonderful changes in everything appertaining to Fleet Street."

In "Labour," which Messrs. Collins announce, Mr. Shaw Desmond makes a critical analysis of the Labour Movement from the inside, and gives character sketches of some of the leading Labour figures of the last generation.

Mr. W. L. George has written a book of satirical sketches of London people and places which Messrs. Collins are to publish. It is illustrated by Mr. P. Forbes-Robertson.

Messrs. Harrap are publishing immediately, in two volumes, "A Textbook of Geology," by Professor Amadeus W. Grabau, with over two thousand illustrations and maps.

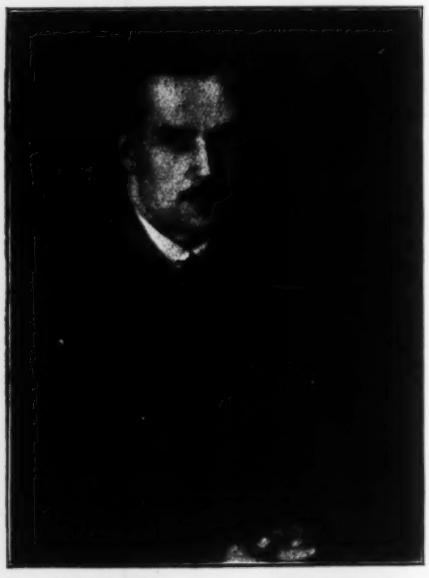


Photo by Millar & Scott. **"Fougasse"**
(Mr. Kenneth Bird),
well known as a contributor to *Punch* and other periodicals. A collection of his delightfully humorous drawings, "A Gallery of Games," has just been published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Mr. M. C. Wyeth has done eight colour illustrations and many line drawings for a charming edition of Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which Messrs. Harrap have just published.

"Jewels in the Dust," a new novel with a Welsh setting, by Edith Nepean, is announced by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Dornford Yates,
whose new novel, "Anthony Lyveden," has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

Who is Allan Dare? He is said to have written some popular books under another name, and in "Killigrew," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins publishes, he unfolds a romance of a new Admirable Crichton who gets, and does not fail to take, the chance to prove himself when he and his party are wrecked on an uninhabited island.

We have received the September Number of "T. B. R." (1s.), which means Travel by Road, and is the monthly motor omnibus guide and charabanc directory published by Messrs. Rieu, Wiley & Co., of Pall Mall. It is a most exhaustive and well-arranged compendium, and the separate large map with precise directions for travel about London is a particularly helpful guide to the intricate methods of getting quickly from one part of our overgrown metropolis to another.

"A Singular People," a novel of Jewish life by Mr. Sidney A. Moseley, will be published shortly by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Many strictures have been passed—usually quite deserved—on the lack of taste and suitability of many of the war memorials and monuments recently erected. It is a relief to turn to an age when monumental art was usually dignified and gracious, and frequently ventured to be elaborate without being pretentious. This is apparent as we

look at the succession of Mediæval Tombs and Effigies which figure in Mr. F. H. Crossley's "English Church Monuments of the Gothic Period," shortly to be published by Messrs. B. T. Batsford Ltd. This book promises to be as illuminating as its predecessor, the first of the Church Craft series, which dealt with English Church Woodwork between 1250 and 1550.

The Birmingham Public Library has issued a special "Catalogue of the War Poetry Collection" presented to the Library by an anonymous donor in memory of Private William John Billington, successively of the South Midland Field Ambulance and the Queen's London Regiment, who fell in Palestine in 1918. The collection includes the work of French, Italian and other poets and anthologists, but is mainly devoted to poets, anthologists, historians and critics of English poetry concerned with the late war. We are unable to detect any omissions from the English section; no doubt, as Mr. Walter Powell, the chief Librarian, suggests in his preface, there are omissions from the Colonial and especially the Foreign sections, but it is hoped in time to make these complete.

Mr. C. L. Graves. Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. George Morrow.

Mr. E. V. Lucas's new novel, "Rose Rose," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen, and Mr. George Morrow's new book of Drawings, "More Morrow" (Methuen) and "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England," by Charles L. Graves (Cassell) are reviewed in this Number.

Looking Forward is a new two-shilling monthly which will appear on October 6th. It will be edited by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, who will contribute to each number notes on the events of the month and their bearing on the New Order of which the League of Nations is the most hopeful sign. The history of the moment will be fully and divertingly illustrated by reproductions of cartoons and caricatures by artists of all nations. *Looking Forward* will approach all questions with a generous desire to abate national animosities and smooth away misunderstandings, and eminent writers from all countries will contribute articles on topics of international importance. Thus in the first number Lord Meston will write on the Indian question; Sir Geoffrey Butler, the great Cambridge jurist, will review the International Law Congress recently held at The Hague; the Belgian scholar, Dr. J. O. de Gruyter, describes "The Flemish Movement in Belgium." Character-studies of prominent world-figures will be a feature, and to the October issue Lord Weardale contributes a fascinating study of "Dr. Nansen: The Man and His Work." The magazine also contains stories, poetry and critical essays. Other important contributions to the October number are the first part of a new long narrative poem of present-day life, "The Divine Tragedy," by A. St. John Adcock; a "post-war story" by Captain Reginald Berkeley (author of "French Leave"); and "A Defence of Films," by Frank Rutter.

In "Martin Conisby's Vengeance," which Messrs. Sampson Low have just published, Mr. Jeffery Farnol continues the story of "Black Bartelmy's Treasure," and from a first glance we do not hesitate to say it is to the full as gallant and striking a romance of adventure as was that glamorous first tale of Black Bartelmy.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Quite a good many cultured readers seem unable to realise that, as there are many sorts of birds and flowers, so there are many sorts of poets. There are other birds beside nightingales and larks; other flowers beside roses and lilies; and other poets beside Shelleys and Keatses, to say nothing of Shakespeares. The failure to recognise this has led, for some while past, to the depreciation of Bryon, and one is glad to find Professor H. J. C. Grierson in "Lord Byron: Arnold and Swinburne" (2s.; Oxford Press) taking the right broad view, and not afraid to give the name of poetry to more than one kind of verse. He does not think Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne "represent all the qualities that make poetry great and satisfying"; much of their beauty seems to him "a beauty of things somewhat remote from life"; much of their art, and of Keats's and Shelley's, seems touched with decadence, "and some of the qualities they want I seem to rediscover in the less finished, more obviously faulty poetry of Byron—life and strength, passion and virility, wit and humour." Probably Byron suffers, as Hood does, because he mixed humour with his poetry. This is one of the things that is not done in the best poetical circles. Scarcely any poets since Chaucer, except Byron and Hood, and occasionally Browning, have had any humour, or if they have, for some inscrutable reason they have kept it out of their verse, and so perhaps have brought the general reader to the erroneous conclusion that there must be no humour in poetry because there is no poetry in humour. If Professor Grierson's brilliant and discriminating defence

of Byron sends our too-serious, too-niggling lovers of verse to a reading of him, they will have reason to be grateful, for it is true that "in the house of poetry there are many mansions; and if Byron has been overestimated and underestimated, English poetry would be greatly the poorer without his passionate, humorous, in all its register, essentially human voice."

"The Book-plate Annual for 1921," edited by Alfred Fowler, and issued by him at 17, Board of Trade Building, Kansas City, U.S.A., may be strongly recommended to all who are interested in book-plates and the reviving art of the woodcut. The book-plates reproduced have a wide range in style and idea; several are very beautiful examples of the skill of both artist and engraver. The literary features of the Annual include an article on "The Book-plates of Frank Brangwyn," by Haldane Macfall; an essay on the recent discovery of what is apparently the earliest book-plate used in America; a history of the American Book-plate Society from its inception in 1913. The Annual, which has an admirable etched frontispiece by Stanley Harrod, is large quarto in size, printed in large type on Old Stratford paper, well bound in artistic boards, and sells at five dollars a copy.

"With the Quakers in France," by D. Owen Stephens (21s.; Daniel), is the journal that was kept by an American Quaker who served behind the lines in France from September, 1917, till March, 1919. He gives a very interesting account of the work he and his party did in building shelters and supplying food for the French peasants who were rendered homeless by the war; of his experiences among soldiers of divers nationalities in the different places to which his duties took him. He tells some capital anecdotes and has a shrewd sense of humour.

"The Wrong Twin," by Harry Leon Wilson (8s. 6d. net; The Bodley Head), is a typically American book, alive with typically American humour. The twins are first introduced to the reader as youngsters of nine, starting out on a blackberrying expedition. The expedition terminates in an adventure which tears them asunder—sending one to be adopted by the Whipples, the *noblesse* of the neighbourhood, and leaving the other to be brought up in his own inferior station. But it is the wrong twin the Whipples have chosen, as time proves. Merle evolves into a vapouring, rather contemptible young man; Wilbur, though inarticulate and less intellectual, has enough sterling qualities for both of them. The earlier is decidedly the better portion of the novel; when the war comes, with its magical effects on the little town, the merit of the story falls off. Perhaps over here we have had so much of the real thing we are finding it now a little wearisome in fiction, and the transformation is, in one case, too drastic to carry conviction. Nevertheless, the book is one to be read; it is extremely well written and full of quaintly whimsical, shrewd little human touches. Those who enjoyed "Ma Pettengill," "Bunker Bean" and the author's other novels, will find "The Wrong Twin" on the whole a worthy successor to those delightful books.

There has been in the last year or two a revived interest in wild birds among people who do not claim to be nature students in the ordinary way. For these "Our Resident Birds," by E. F. M. Elms (6s. net; Thornton Butterworth), supplies a real want. It aims to help the uninitiated to identify the resident birds of England at sight, by means of a very simple method of Tables, classifying the various birds to be found in (1) garden, orchard and cultivated districts; (2) woods and well-wooded districts; (3) commons, downs, moorland and mountainous districts; (4) streams, rivers, lakes and marshy districts; (5) birds of the sea, seashore and cliffs. Anyone engaged in an elementary study of bird-life should carry this book about with him and refer to it if he sees a bird he is unable to recognise. He will find, in its proper Table, a very clear and complete description of every bird he is likely to see. Numerous excellently reproduced photographs from nature add considerably to the attraction and helpfulness of the volume.

"A. E." offers a temperate, unequivocal, suggestive contribution towards settlement of the Irish problem in "The Inner and the Outer Ireland" (2s. 6d.; Fisher Unwin). Briefly, he contends that the question of what form of government should be set up in Ireland is a question for Irishmen to decide. If England does not deserve all the harsh things he says of her, she deserves too many of them to be able to complain; in the main, he is serenely just, and is not blind to the sins of Sinn Fein, though he most eloquently interprets and justifies its ideals.

"Mediæval Heresy and the Inquisition." By A. S. Turberville, M.C., M.A., etc. (10s. 6d. net; Crosby Lockwood). The nature of his undertaking, its motives and conclusions are summarised with all clearness by Mr. Turberville in his brief preface. The work is concerned with doctrine rather than history; it was undertaken "with no other object in view than honest enquiry"; while the lesson drawn from the study and enforced thereby is opposed alike (1) to "ultra-Protestant conceptions" and (2) to certain tendencies of recent Catholic apologists. Ecclesiastical intolerance did not force "a policy of persecution on an unwilling or indifferent laity in the Middle Ages," while the power and influence of the Church, in this as in other directions, must not be underestimated, and the modern humanitarian sense cannot be read into that period of the Christian Dispensation. The chapters which lead up to these conclusions are most informing, disabusing and therefore valuable. The consideration of penalties imposed by the Inquisition is beyond praise, for the manner in which facts are marshalled and a reasonable mean reached between conflicting views. The result is an exoneration of the Church where that course is possible—chiefly over distortions of fact—and a definite sentence pronounced on the ecclesiastical institution in which such a scheme of things was possible. Yet the reader rather than the author is led to find the verdict. For Mr. Turberville it is modern apologists for the Church, inspired by modern humanitarianism, and not Inquisitorial authorities who seek to disclaim "moral responsibility for the stake." That is a clear issue, and it is also a ground of judgment. In the chapters devoted to doctrinal studies, not unconnected with history, there are excellent accounts of the Everlasting Gospel problems, Averrhoïst influence and fourteenth century movements.

THE READER.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL.

By Sidney Dark.

THE more we realise the power of literature to widen, illuminate and explain life, the more eager we must surely be to enlarge the area of appreciation and add to the number of readers of real books. The man, therefore, who succeeds in introducing the wayfarer to the quickeners of imagination and the inspirers of hope is performing social service of supreme importance. There is to-day (on this subject I can speak with some authority) an ever-increasing number of men and women, most of them necessarily concerned during the greater part of their days with the material affairs of this world, eager to read the best and, at the same time, gifted with a certain untrained, critical appreciation that enables them at least to recognise the best when they find it. The existence of this army of the curious is, I suggest, a happy portent in a world where the Jeremiahs and the Cassandras can easily find a very wilderness of texts for their lamentations.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, C.H., D.D., LL.D.
From a photograph taken December 30th, 1920.

No one man has done more to quicken the desire to read, to popularise the best and to guide the inexperienced than Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who created The Bookman thirty years ago and who is celebrating his seventieth birthday on October 10th. Literary criticism in the past was generally destructive. We remember the critic for his denunciations. Who would ever think of Croker had he not assailed Keats? The general attitude of the critic resembled that of *Punch's* famous navvy—"'Ere's a man wot calls hisself a poet. Let's 'eave 'arf a brick at him." The atmosphere of such criticism was essentially aristocratic. Literature existed for itself—and for the critic. From the beginning Sir William Robertson Nicoll had an acute realisation that the public also existed; that there were men and women in the street, in the shops and in the offices, and in the back parlours to whom the imaginative writer might have something to say that would brighten lives and make it easier to solve problems. With this in his mind, he has always approached the literary artist, not with the idea of putting him through a sort of literary trial, not with the sardonic hope of putting him in his place, but with an inquiry. He has always been eager to discover whether the writer has something to say which it would do the world good to hear. The old aristocratic conventions have been brushed aside. A new democratic conception of the mission of the literary artist has been created and, while other men have had their part in the creation, as I have said, no man has done more than Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

As all the world knows, Sir William is a Scotsman. He was born at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, and was educated at the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and at the Aberdeen University. His father was a Presbyterian minister and, after graduating, he himself entered the ministry and for eleven years held livings at Dufftown and Kelso. Sir William was always a delicate man, and a severe attack of pneumonia with the subsequent physical weakness convinced him that he would never again be able to bear the strain of constant public speaking and that he must find a new vocation. While he was still in the ministry he had done occasional writing for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who were then mainly religious publishers, and in 1884 he was appointed editor of the *Expositor*, a periodical which he has directed ever since. His illness occurred in 1885. A stay in Switzerland considerably benefited his health, and in 1886 he came to London and started the *British Weekly*. Five years afterwards, in 1891, he started The Bookman.

In addition to his work as editor and writer, Sir William Robertson Nicoll has been intimately concerned with the development of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's business, which has greatly benefited from his keen judgment and business ability, for, as his intimate friend, Lord Riddell, has pointed out, Sir William is almost unique in the possession of poetic and commercial qualities. He has not been content merely to add to the popularity of established writers, he has been a discoverer of talent. Years ago he was fascinated by the conversation of the Rev. John Watson, a Presbyterian minister at Liverpool, with a genius for telling Scottish stories. Sir William felt that a man who could talk so well must also be able to write, and he persuaded Mr. Watson to try his hand at a novel. The novel was written and was published under the title of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and the Rev. John Watson became the well-known novelist "Ian Maclaren." Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler was another of Sir William's finds. She was the daughter of Lord Wolverhampton, a member of the Gladstone cabinets, and she had the rather unusual experience of being a Wesleyan Methodist and also inside the rails of

XUM

London society. Sir William felt that there was a considerable demand for a novel that should deal truthfully with Nonconformist life, and he was persuaded that Miss Fowler was one of the few persons who could write such a novel. The result was "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," which was published in 1898 and achieved a great popular success. This incident is an example of Sir William's sensitiveness to the literary market, his understanding of what the public wants.

Many of his fellow Scotsmen have received from Sir William invaluable help in their literary careers. The late S. R. Crockett was one of them, Sir James Barrie is another, Colonel John Buchan is a third. Sir William is particularly proud that he was able to be of some use to Sir James Barrie at the beginning of his life in the south. Barrie had written for some time for a Nottingham paper before he settled in London and Sir William first came into contact with him through reading some humorous Scottish sketches which he was writing for the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. He asked him to do some similar work for the *British Weekly*, and it was in the columns of that paper that the whole, of "When a Man's Single" and parts of the "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums" first appeared.

Rev. Harry Nicoll,
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's father.

W. R. N.
at the age of nine.

First, foremost and always Sir William Robertson Nicoll is Scottish. He has lived in London for thirty-five years but he still speaks English with a strong Scottish accent. He spends his holidays in the old manse in Aberdeenshire where he was born, and where he preserves with pious care the great library of over 17,000 books bequeathed him by his father and bought out of the savings of an income which never at any time was more than £200 a year. Sir William has a splendid library of his own in his house at Hampstead, but these books in the old Scottish manse, every one of them representing a sacrifice, have a value to him which no other books can possibly ever have. No man has more completely made his own life. In the hey-day of his manhood he was faced with the threat of physical disability to fight the battle of life. He has carefully harboured his strength and evolved a method of life which enables him at seventy to do more work than most men are able to do at fifty.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll at about twenty.**

Sir William Robertson Nicoll is a wise guide in the world of letters because his interests are not confined to books and because he keeps himself in constant touch, not only with religion and philosophy, but with the great world of affairs. He is a born journalist. No man has a keener ear for information or an acuter nose for news. He loves to gossip, but he never wishes to monopolise all the talk and, indeed, he likes to encourage the other man to talk, ever and again interpolating his own comments and putting his own questions. Sir William's friendship with Mr. Lloyd George has enabled him on more than one occasion to make most important political announcements in the columns of the *British Weekly*, and he has come to be regarded as a political as well as a literary authority.

Photo by Mackintosh, Kelso. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1877.**

He is an optimist, and not in the least appalled by the difficulties of the times or by the lowering clouds on the horizon. He will tell you that he finds the world better and kinder than it was, and he declares that he feels that he is eminently justified in being cheerful, and that he regards it as his chief business to try and make other people cheerful too.

His literary tastes are eclectic. He does not confine

himself to one brand or to one vintage, and he has a particular faculty for appreciating the artistic value of writers often sneered at by the highbrow pundits. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, for example, has no greater admirer than the editor of the *British Weekly*, who declares that his novels are genuine literary art and who regards their popularity as a significant proof of the existence of a critical public taste. There is no greater folly possible than to denounce popularity as necessarily the outward and visible sign of cheapness and banality. There is of course a great mass of popular fiction that is mere sentimental drivel without any kind of literary significance. On the other hand it may be fairly said that there is no considerable writer of our time without a large popular following, and it may be reasonably suggested that if George Meredith had lived a generation later (in the generation, that is to say, that knows Sir William Robertson Nicoll) that, "difficult" as his novels may be, his genius would have had a far wider reputation.

Photo by Mendelssohn. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1896.**

Sir William Robertson Nicoll is the author of many books, some of them religious, some of them biographical, some of them literary. It is regretted by some of his friends that his time has been so fully occupied that he has never written the *magnum opus* which he might have written and would have written had he ever had any real leisure. I do not take this view. I feel that no man of letters could possibly have done more splendid work than Sir William Robertson Nicoll has done in opening the window to the light and guiding so many to the threshold of great things. Those of us who, in our own way, are trying to carry on the great work he has begun will always cherish his long, brave career as encouragement and inspiration.

"THE BOOKMAN": A THIRTY YEARS' RECORD.

(*October*, 1891—*October*, 1921.)

BY W. M. PARKER.

WHEN the centenary of Keats's death was celebrated recently the Press and periodicals freely quoted the poet's well-known epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." It would be difficult for the most confirmed optimist to blink the fact that these words might be taken quite literally as symbolic of the fate of many journalists. Journalism, by its very function, can rarely be considered as other than work of fleeting significance. It draws its nurture so largely from topical affairs that its bloom but flowers to-day and fades to-morrow. Confined within a limited cycle of time its nature is ephemeral, burgeoning in the hour of heated interest and dying when that interest has passed away.

Fortunately there are exceptions to this apparently pessimistic and not infrequent observation of the journalist's fate, and one notable exception is the work of the distinguished journalist, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who this month celebrates his seventieth birthday. That the occasion coincides with the thirtieth anniversary in the existence of THE BOOKMAN, one of Sir William's happiest ventures, gives it an additional lustre. My interest in Sir William's journalistic work has extended over a good many years, and I have followed his career with avidity.* Since the inception of the *British Weekly* in 1886, that journal has provided reading matter on literature, books, bookmen, journalists, publishers, and printers such as few other weeklies provide. As the late Dixon Scott wrote, referring to the Claudius Clear articles and the Rambling Remarks of a Man of Kent, "What Claudius Clear reads on Wednesday, half Scotland and much of England will be reading before the end of the week." In short, Sir William is one of the most widely read and widely influential of modern bookmen. If I had not been forbidden to go into such details, I should have liked to mention the many authors who owe something of their first success to Sir William's early and prompt recognition of their gifts. As it is, I pass over those matters here, but in due time and place they cannot be forgotten.

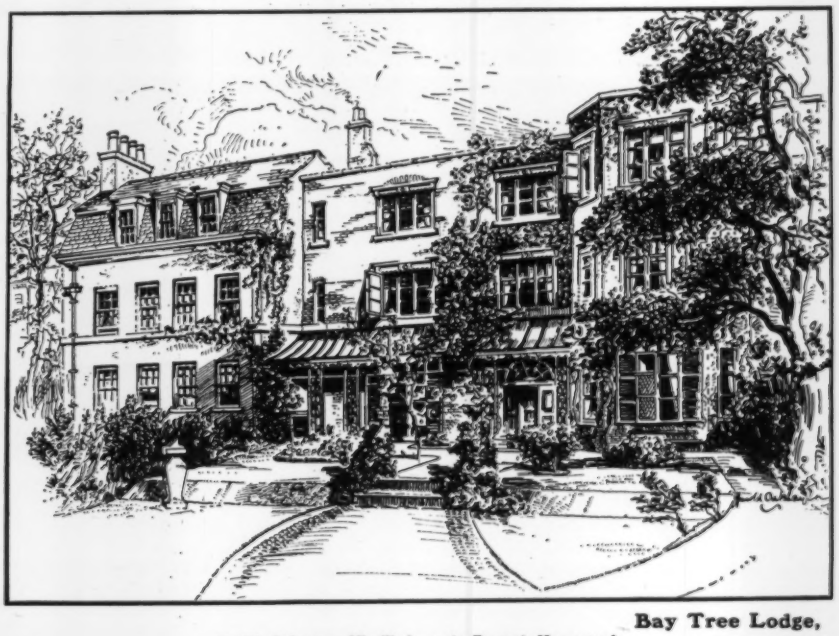
Photo by Mendelssohn. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1896.**

How amidst his multifarious activities Sir William has found time to write some score of books of his own, and edit at least as many, perhaps no one unacquainted

* Four years ago I had the opportunity of dealing more fully with this work in an essay on Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in my book, "Modern Scottish Writers" (W. Hodge).

with his methodical habits and the rapidity with which he works can understand. His "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" appeared in 1895, and that I believe was his first book. Of the striking and deeply suggestive books on religious subjects that have come from his pen, I think I would rank first, "The Key of the Grave"; of biographies, "My Father," though I do not forget "James Macdonell," nor "Ian Maclaren." Then there are three volumes of literary essays, and no essayist of recent years has done work that more deftly and attractively combines true scholarship, a sensitive appreciation of the fine things in literature with the lucid ease and charm of a style that unaffectedly reveals the personality of the writer. No lover of what is best in the modern

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's Library at Hampstead.
From a drawing by Harold Oakley.



Bay Tree Lodge,
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's home in Frognal, Hampstead.
From a drawing by Harold Oakley.

essay should fail to read "Letters on Life" and "A Bookman's Letters." But to discuss Sir William's books would need a separate article, and here my chief concern is with the story of THE BOOKMAN.

World Literature, the now defunct journal of the Reading Guild and Kindred Societies, edited by William Marwick, published the following note in Vol. I, (September 15th, 1891):

"In the *British Weekly* of September 10th a new literary journal is announced, viz., the *Bookman*. It will be edited by Mr. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., one of the most accomplished and able of London editors. . . . We wish the magazine all success."

Constant readers of THE BOOKMAN scarcely require to be informed of the later years of a literary monthly, which maintains, with unabated freshness and

vigour, its appeal to book-readers, book-buyers and booksellers. I am the proud possessor of the first number, dated October, 1891. It is only necessary to compare that number with the latest issue to realise the steady advance and development in its general format.

While, at first, each number had only a frontispiece portrait and occasionally other illustrations, the increased use of illustrations, chiefly portraits of authors, seems to have met with such appreciation that long before the war the variety of photographs and reproductions of paintings and drawings had become an acknowledged feature. To give an idea of what THE BOOKMAN was doing thirty years ago, among the prominent features were a frontispiece portrait of Tennyson, the announcement of Hall Caine's "The Scapegoat," and a review of William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems," as well as articles on the Carlyles, Burton at Damascus, Thomas Hardy's Wessex (with map), and on the work of Rudyard Kipling. All these items are contained in the first number. In the News Notes occur the names of three literary celebrities, at that time active in their various spheres—Henry Drummond, Andrew Lang and George Meredith—the last of them to pass from our midst only nine years ago. These News Notes are written in that pithy style which still characterises them.

Photo by Lafayette. **Lady Robertson Nicoll.**

Looking back through the files of THE BOOKMAN it is matter of surprise to find not only how many of the most famous men of letters of the last thirty years have been, and still are, among its contributors, but how many now distinguished found an outlet for their abilities in its pages when they were still scarcely known to the general public. To mention fully all this brilliant company of men and women contributors would require far more space than is at my disposal, so I shall assume that its later history is sufficiently familiar to most readers and content myself with enumerating a few of the names I come across as I turn over the volumes of the first ten years. There are articles, reviews, or poems by Thomas Hardy, Mark Rutherford, W. B. Yeats, G. K. Chesterton, William Watson, Neil Munro, I. Zangwill, Professor Minto, T. J. Wise, Richard Le Gallienne, T. E. Page, A. C. Benson, Robert Buchanan, Professor Marcus Dods, Philip James Bailey, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Dr. Fleming, James Ashcroft Noble, Jane Barlow, R. M. Bradley, Sir George Douglas, Barry Pain, Walter Pater, W. E. H. Lecky, J. A. Spender, Professor Tyndall, Francis Hindes Groome, Professor Herford, Professor Ramsay, L. F. Austin, William Canton, Dr. William Barry, E. K. Chambers, Beatrice Harraden, Katharine Tynan, Coulson Kernahan, R. Ashe King, Andrew Lang, Dr. R. C. Macfie, Ernest Rhys, Pett Ridge, Arthur Symons, J. St. Loe Strachey, Frederick Wedmore, Professor W. P. Ker, Gerald Massey, Benjamin Swift, Clement K. Shorter, Professor Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett, Dora Sigerson, Walter Raymond, Harold Frederic, Frederick Greenwood, Fiona Macleod, Alice Meynell, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Baring Gould, Mrs. Craigie, Dr. George Smith, Walter Besant, S. R. Crockett, Marriott Watson, J. M. Barrie, Oscar Browning, Conan Doyle, William Archer, A. E. W. Mason, Rev. J. G. Adderley, Mary Cholmondeley, Professor Max Muller, E. V. Lucas, May Sinclair, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Gertrude Atherton, Elizabeth Robins, Theodore Watts-Dunton, A. C. Swinburne, Ian Maclaren, Stephen Gwynne, James Douglas, Lionel Johnson, Thomas Seccombe, Professor George Saintsbury—one must make an end, and leaving it at that, I shall but add that it is doubtful whether any other literary magazine of our day could bring forward so long and catholic a list of remarkable contributors. Many of these have passed hence, but many of them still remain among THE BOOKMAN'S ablest and most valued critics, and with the passage of time the new

Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll,** at the time he was knighted

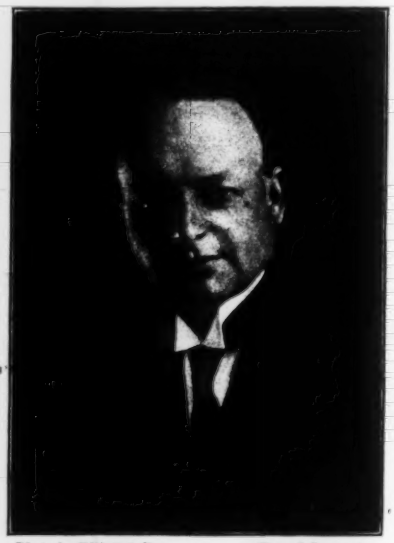


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. Maurice Nicoll,**
son of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and author of "Dream Psychology."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Maurice Nicoll.**

early volumes is a lesson in the transitory nature of many literary reputations. There are some whose names and works, once familiar to all readers, have had their day and are already almost forgotten. Again, it is gratifying to note how many who have been included in its gallery of new writers have since then taken their places among the foremost authors of our time. As a brief chronicle and summary of activities in the world of letters from 1891 to this its thirtieth birthday, these sixty volumes of THE BOOKMAN possess an unique value and interest. During the years of the war it inevitably underwent the hampering difficulties of the times—difficulties to which one or two other journals succumbed — but it overcame them in the right enterprising spirit, and has so completely survived them that it has never been more alive, writers who have succeeded to the old well maintain this record of its past.

THE BOOKMAN can claim to be among the readiest of literary periodicals to recognise and encourage new writers of promise, and it carries out this policy as consistently now as in former years. To scan its prosperous, and in vogue than it is to-day.

If I am debarred from praising Sir William as freely as I would, I may at least say that it is an irrefutable testimony to his foresight and editorial powers that THE BOOKMAN has departed very little in essentials from the scheme he originally laid down, and that on those lines it has grown, and still goes on growing, in popularity and influence. A word must be said on behalf of what may be termed its lighter side in the shape of prize competitions. To promote and encourage original talent among its readers all over the world, to stimulate curiosity and the taste for good reading, no happier means could have been devised. A recent innovation are the special sections devoted to Music and the Drama. Some years ago it became part of THE BOOKMAN's regular programme to issue special and much enlarged Spring, Autumn and Christmas Numbers. Christmas would not be quite Christmas for many of us without the Yuletide BOOKMAN. This sumptuous and portly volume has developed in size and in literary and artistic scope until nowadays it is admittedly by far the most delectable and important of literary annuals.

Photo by Lafayette. **Mr. and Mrs. Grange Kirkaldy,**
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's younger daughter and her husband.

Photo by Thomas Fall. **Mrs. Elystan Miles,**
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's daughter and her two sons, Harry and Basil.

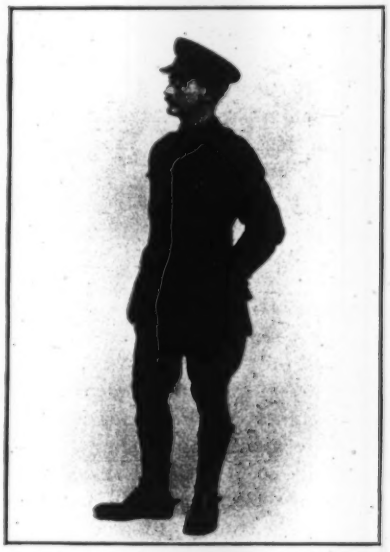


Photo by A. & N. Auxiliary Photo Studios. **Major Elystan Miles, R.G.A.**

From a drawing by R. J. Swan.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

When THE BOOKMAN commemorated its twenty-first birthday in October, 1912, Sir William said in a reminiscent article that his plan in starting the magazine was to make it as popular as he could and at the same time to maintain its literary quality, and that THE BOOKMAN is still a living and live journal is the most practical evidence that this plan has been successfully carried out. "Twenty-one years," he wrote on that occasion, "is a long life for a literary journal." Well, thirty is a longer.

One wishes that THE BOOKMAN may continue its prosperous career for many years to come, and that when it celebrates its jubilee the time may be a more propitious and peaceful one than the present.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—It has recently been pointed out that there are few instances in literature in which the human nose has been adequately and elegantly mentioned. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most becoming reference in English prose or verse to the human nose.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

The Old Manse.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's home at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Helen Mitcham, of 163, Earlsfield Road, S.W.18, for the following:

L'ENVOI: ON LEAVING LIMEHOUSE.

Let us go now, not bitterly,
But with full hearts and kind,
Knowing what merry things and wise,
Out of this maze of lust and lies,
Live in the quiet mind.

We may not look on Limehouse now,
Save with a stranger's face,
Empty of dreams we might not keep,
Though the heart's roots be twisted deep,
Round every stone of the place.

The street-names and the names of shops
Will be a song to me.
And faces lit with the sky's faint rose,
At an alley's end, at day's shrill close,
Like a lost melody.

Beauty we met in odorous glooms,
—And shall not meet again—
Where lamps like sombre jewels glow,
Where you and I no more may go
Light-hearted through the rain,

Or sick at heart for many things,
Stare at the sunset tide.
For now the lights and faces start
Only in highways of the heart
Whose streets are deep as wide.

Yet dearest, what if we had stayed;
—Who go with inward tears—
Till this young passion for the right
Were broken, and this fine delight
Grown foolish with the years?

Let us go now, not bitterly,
Though the old joy is dead.
Say "I learnt courage here, and laughter,
And loves that go with me hereafter,"
And the last word is said.

We also select for printing:

DEIRDRE COMFORTED.

Deirdre the beautiful, the beautiful—
Fairer than Helen, though she too was fair,
No man alive will ever guess how fair.
Where is she fled, Deirdre the beautiful?

She was the woman that the fairies sent
To show the world for once what beauty was.
A drifting flame from God's own fire she was;
To be the whole world's love-song was she sent.

For she was like the morning in the woods.
When the fresh dew hangs trembling on the leaves,
And the low sun strikes glinting on the leaves,
Casting long shafts into the quiet woods.

Christ keep her spirit, for she was most lovely—
He will have charge of her, to comfort her,
And kiss the sorrows from the eyes of her.
He surely loved her soul, she was so lovely.

And she will take her place with all great lovers
Who stand around the Throne beneath God's Eyes,
And worship Him in one another's eyes,
For ever, two and two, the immortal lovers.

But what of that poor Third who loves in vain?
Must he be jealous even of heavenly love?
Ah, in the arms of God he finds his love,
And knows that none has ever loved in vain.

Conor, once thirsty for the face of youth,
Envies no more their joy—he sees them not.
Filled with the love he craved, he needs her not,
His soul being watered from the Springs of Youth.

O my lost love, for whom I cry to God,
Which shall be mine—which were the greater bliss,
The accepted, or the lonely lover's bliss,
To worship God in you, or you in God?

. . . —'Tis an old song, Deirdre the beautiful,
Deirdre the beautiful, the beautiful.

(Molly Fogerty, Cartref, Parkstone Road, Poole.)

LOVE SONG.

There is no sun where you are not, nor any darkness where you dwell;
The stars of heaven shine in your eyes, and nightingales your praises tell;
And O belov'd, if you should die, the light would fade from shore to shore,
And Joy with drooping wings would hide her face from me for evermore.

Earth's beauty gleams but dimly now, since I have looked into your eyes;
Her hills, her vales, her woods and streams, that once I loved no more I prize;
I only crave with parchéd mouth your kiss that warms my blood like wine,
I only yearn to hear your voice and know that all your heart is mine. . . .

(Mary C. Mair, Howecroft, Sandy Lane, Guildford.)

We specially commend the lyrics by H. Ross (Hove), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport), A. W. Moore (Hothfield), Maurice S. (Exeter), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), T. Kew (Southampton), Joan Warry (Sherborne), Muriel E. Graham (Stirling), Una Malleson (London, W.), Gwendolyn Wilkinson (Kensington), Norris Alcock (Leek), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), C. M. Hodder (Nailsworth), Rev. Clement E. Newcomb (Kidderminster), Edward Percy (Nottingham), Margaret Brown (Harrow), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), G. Gwyn (Bruges), Hazel Fyffe (South Kensington), Teresa Bellamy Noble (Forest Rise), John Peterson (Shetland), C. Marguerite Goode (Croydon), Olive Hitchcock (King's Lynn), A. A. M. B. (Hampstead), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), Rev. Charles W. Limb (Huddersfield), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), Laurie Pratt (San Francisco), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), James Paton (Natal), Louis Melton (London, E.C.), Doris Langley Levy (Ilkley), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), Mary Bowers (Monmouth), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), Enid FitzHerbert (Dundrum), Mary Lorrimer (Los Angeles), Constance M. Shaw (Leeds), W. Nightingale Brown (Manchester), John Welsh (Motherwell), Adelaide King (Kanton Zurich), E. M. Dixon (Smallthorne), Olive Robinson (Gainsborough), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), Katharine I. Monro (Lewes), F. J. Weaver (Braintree), Ernest F. Row (Felixstowe), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Constance Ernest (London, S.W.).

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.
From a caricature.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. L. N. Thomas, of 33, North Ham Road, Littlehampton, Sussex, for the following:

THE UNSEEN EAR. By N. S. LINCOLN. (Appleton.)
"I listened at the key-hole in the door."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Story of Prince Agib.*

We also select for printing:

PUTTING MARY OFF. By JOHN L. CARTER. (John Long.)
"I'm not a single man."
THOMAS HOOD.

(J. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

XUM

THE NEW LABOUR OUTLOOK. By ROBERT WILLIAMS. (Parsons.)

" Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."
SCOTT, *Marmion*.

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

MEN AND MARVELS. By HALBERT J. BOYD. (Elkin Mathews.)

" He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a bus.
He looked again and saw it was
A hippopotamus."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Sylvie and Bruno*.

(E. Theodora Herrington, The School House, Sacombe, Ware.)

RICHARD RICHARD. By HUGH MEARNS. (Constable.)

" Who's that a-calling ? "
(*Coon Song*.)

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

MEMOIRS OF A CLUBMAN. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson.)

" I came home late and tired last night."
RUPERT BROOKE, 1914 *and Other Poems*.

(R. G. Jermy, Bancroft's School, Woodford Wells, Essex.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN AMERICA. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (John Long.)

" Water, water, everywhere."
COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*.

(Violet H. Summers, The Birches, Union Road, Shirley, Birmingham, and Mariquita Gutierrez, 25, Paeso de la Coucha, San Sebastian, Spain.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief quotation applicable to the Washington Disarmament Conference is awarded to W. Bernard Livermore, of Holmwood, 52, Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, N.4, for the following :

LINCOLN : " I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. It is for us who hate aggression to persuade men always and earnestly against it, and hope that, little by little, they will hear us. . . . Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. And then we must turn again, and again, and again to persuasion. This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world."

JOHN DRINKWATER, *Abraham Lincoln*.

We specially commend the replies from S. S. Wright (Bromley), Winifred Herrington (Ware), Kenneth C. Bruce (Sheffield), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Mrs. J. I. Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Edwin T. Giddens (Darlington), Joan T. Harris (Grange-over-Sands), George Harris (Scarborough), J. W. Craw (Northwich), D. E. Lambert (Guisborough), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), B. H. Beard (Bexleyheath), J. H. Hutchinson (Drumcondra), G. Evan Jones (Norfolk), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), E. Adams (Battersea), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), George Fawcett (Belfast), Miss Braddell (Bournemouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Alan C. Fraser, of St. Edith, Albion Road, Ramsgate, for the following :

MÊMOIRS OF A MIDGET. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Collins.)

In this exquisite prose fantasy Mr. Walter de la Mare has achieved, not a mere novel, but a work of rare imaginative beauty. The life-story of the diminutive heroine is unfolded with an almost elfin delicacy of insight, revealing an unforgettable picture of the fantastic, sensitive, wistful soul lodged in the tiny body, moving in loneliness through a world of common-sized humans. Her intense love of Nature, and the continual solace and spiritual contentment which she draws from the great world of out-of-doors, form the *motif* running through the story, filling it with a haunting beauty.

We also select for printing :

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

By LAWRENCE H. DAVISON. (Humphrey Milford.)

To compress into 300 pages the history of Europe from Roman times to 1870, and yet to make the narrative as attractive and readable as a novel, is no easy task. But Mr. Davison has approached nearer to this ideal than any writer we have met. Steering a happy middle course between an arid chronicle of events and a mere collection of picturesque stories, he has produced what is a real history, but at the same time a vividly descriptive one, glowing with colour, and written in an easy and interesting style. The volume contains a dozen excellent maps.

(Ernest F. Row, Slernish, Orwell Road, Felixstowe.)

PAMELA POUNCE. By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Those arch-wizards, the Castles, have given us another delightful romance in their old, intriguing style—a style in which they have no equal, though many imitators. As we read we smell the mingled odours of the assembly-rooms and the coffee-house, we hear the thunder of over-driven horses on cobble-stones, the clash of steel, and the rustle of silks and brocade, we see the passing show of fair dames and gallant gentlemen of a bygone day. The authors have never created a more alluring heroine than the pert, capable and always captivating little milliner, Pamela Pounce, who breaks so many masculine hearts.

(James A. Richards, M.I.P.S., 10, Park Road, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.)

THE SADHU. By B. H. STREETER AND A. J. APPASAMY. (Macmillan.)

More fascinating than any fiction is this study of an Indian Mystic—our own contemporary—who, having embraced Christianity with passionate conviction, has devoted his life to preaching the Gospel as a sadhu—or " holy man." With the " orthodox " sadhu India is familiar ; but a *Christian* sadhu represents a daring innovation, and Sundar Singh's adventures, persecutions and deliverances read like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. The man and his message have been portrayed with fine fidelity by the joint authors of the book, which —as the Sadhu himself has said of a Greater—is as " a refreshing cool breeze " athwart our heated atmosphere of discord and dissension.

(Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.)

We specially commend the reviews by G. Ralton Barnard (York), Frances M. Noel Tall (Harrogate), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), G. Bouverie Alleyne (Canterbury), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), R. A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), G. Pitt (London, N.), Ivy Ray (Surbiton), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Bertie van Thal (Swiss Cottage), Edith Pearson (Highgate), Tom Elliot (Edinburgh), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), Mrs. M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), M. K. Boothby (Newby), M. Waters (Cape Town), Anne Richardson (Minehead), Mrs. Cubitt (St. John's Wood), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), T. Morton (Blackburn).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. S. Purnell, of Holland House, Grafton Street, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

FROM HOMER TO DANTE.*

By George Saintsbury.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Mr. George Saintsbury.

A certain misgiving has, on the part of the present reviewer, attended the reading of this in some ways very interesting and (as some say) "matterful" book. This is not due to any of the causes to which, in the old phrase, a vain people might think it to be due. Not even the fact that it is necessary to cut the pages not at top or side, as is usual, but at the bottom, though it is tremendous and soul-shaking, brings the misgiving about. Nor does the practice, almost as disquieting, of citing the titles of books without italics or "quotes"; though as one reads, without any typographical assistance, the words "Henry Adams's Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" one may be excused for a moment's wonder whether some most fortunate American gentleman has actually become possessed of the "guarded mount" and the storied cathedral. Nor, though the vulgar might specially think it to be so, is it connected with a very becoming, if in his own case quite unnecessary, initial remark of Professor Wendell's to the effect that the task he proposed to himself is "obviously beyond the power of any modern scholar" to achieve completely. As a matter of fact the knowledge it requires should not be "beyond the power" of any person who was fit to become a Professor of Literature and who has suitably employed the years of his incumbency. Putting that grim doubt aside, Professor Wendell himself has tackled it bravely. Let us see what the task itself is, and how it has been performed, before specifying the ugly thought which has accompanied the reading like the attendant fiend in Spenser and other tale-tellers.

The title of the book is perhaps not quite happy, though it is easier to cavil at it than to suggest a satisfactory substitute. It might be taken to mean—and to a small extent *does* mean—the traditions which *preceded* the various developments of literature itself; the sub-titles of the books—"Traditions of Greece," "Traditions of Rome," etc.—more particularly suggesting this. But what Professor Wendell has really undertaken to do is to deal with the things which Greece, Rome, the Dark Ages and the Middle as far as Dante, have themselves handed down to later times and especially to the present.

"Years of dealing with Harvard students" (he frankly says) "had shown me not only that Americans now know little of the literary traditions of our ancestral Europe, but also that they are seldom aware even of the little that they know."

Things may be a very little better than that in England, but they are certainly much worse with us than they were even a generation ago; and with the present trend of education they are likely to become worse still. To improve them a little in his own country Professor Wendell has written a book of more than six hundred pages (with a useful bibliographical appendix) in which he surveys most of the literature and some of the history which has been most prominent and effectual in the great torch-race of the life of Western literature, admitting also as an exception the Bible, because of what we may call its Occidentalisation by Christianity. His readers are, with rare exceptions, referred exclusively to translations; and it is not quite clear how far the author himself knows Greek literature in the original. His Homer may be first-hand, but there is a rather ambiguous sentence about the "Cyclops," and another which seems certainly to imply that he has *not* read Apollonius Rhodius. However this may be, there is nothing to which one can seriously object on this score, though it may be pointed out that ληκύθιον does not mean "a cake of soap" but "a bottle of oil," however closely the two things may approach each other in Greek and modern use respectively. As to Latin, on the other hand, the passages in regard to Lucretius, Tacitus and Juvenal, all of which are excellent, could hardly have been written by anyone not in actual touch with the originals, and that on Tacitus takes pains to show (rather humorously on the main scheme of the book) how utterly inadequate any possible translation is.

Anyhow, nobody but the most pedantic of martinets will find much fault with Professor Wendell from any such point of view. One may of course differ with him now and then. "Scott's conscious antiquarianism" is not a happy phrase, for it is exactly in Sir Walter's freedom from this that his superiority to most historical novelists consists. He had tried the trick early in his continuation of Strutt's "Queenhoo Hall," had found the mischief of it, and steadily avoided it afterwards. In speaking of English Pindaric our author seems to have forgotten even Gray, not to mention less judicious practitioners of the strict form. We sigh a little at finding that we have not even yet got rid of "Conflict" and "Environment," though surely they have had their time and might cease to be, like other fashionable critical conventions. It is also surely unnecessary to speak to novices (for whom alone the book is meant) about the "limitations" of Thucydides. It will take them most of their time to understand his greatness. "*Corked* champagne" is by no means necessarily or often "lifeless"; it would be less treacherously disgusting if it were. It is difficult to imagine Shakespeare losing his temper, but if he ever did so it would probably be at seeing himself accused of presenting Cleopatra as "an incarnation of *damning harlotry*." It is sad that a Professor of English, even in the—alas!—sere and withered condition of Emeritus-hood, should "forget"

* "The Traditions of European Literature from Homer to Dante." By Barrett Wendell, Emeritus Professor of English in Harvard University. (John Murray.)

XUM

where Coleridge enunciates the great principle of "suspension of disbelief." But we are all liable to such lapses, and the confession of them is generous and conciliating. Indeed, they are more than forgotten when he objects to the people who spell Virgil with an "e" and pronounce "Don Juan" "Hwân." But after much approval and little shaking of the head we own to a grieved surprise at Professor Wendell's admiration of two versions from Dante, one by the already mentioned "Henry Adams," the other by Professor Grandgent. To render

> "Dame, merci! donez moi esperance
> De joie avoir,"

by

> "Grace, lady! give me comfort to possess
> A hope one day,"

seems to us not so much an example of "marvellous skill in translation" as of marvellous unfaithfulness. "Comfort to possess a hope" and "hope of possessing a joy" are—God bless us all!—*quite* different gifts, though one *may* follow the other.

> "I wish that they should ne'er their coming rue
> As I believe that we should ne'er be sad,"

is no doubt not so unfaithful for

> "E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta
> Siccome io credo che sariamo noi,"

but it is marvellous ungainly, and one cannot conceive how anyone can speak of such work as "the best reproduction of this lyric of old Italian which has ever been made in our *unsinging English*," putting aside for a moment the two italicised words. *Not* putting them aside, one may indulge in an only faintly indignant chuckle over the memory of a thousand "unsinging" things from "Alisoun" to "Love laid his sleepless head."

This is, however, though not irrelevant, slightly digressive, and we must return to the general character of the book and the attendant doubt which was hinted in the beginning. On the main count, and making proper reserves, it may be very well spoken of. We have had no very serious faults of taste or knowledge to notice and there are few omissions or perfunctorinesses. Perhaps, on the strict specification of the book itself, the short notice accorded to Lucian, and the mere mention of Longinus, are the worst of its blots. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the "traditionary" influence of Lucian on the great department of satiric criticism of life. It is not merely that (as is duly noted here) particular works like Shakespeare's "Timon" and Swift's "Gulliver" proceed from him. He is the first voluminous exponent, in various directions, of the ironic and disillusionising attitude in Western literature. As for Longinus, his influence was of course more partial in extent, character and duration, but it was great.

Once more, this does not touch the "doubt" which may be thus put: "Is a book like this, very fairly exhaustive as it is on its own scheme and more than very fairly accurate, likely to do good to the class of persons whom it is intended to benefit?" Some considerable experience of that very class, and of their fellow-creatures at large, does not incline one to be sanguine about this, and may even incline one to fear that it will do mischief. The fear may be illustrated by an apologue-reminiscence of the ancient days—to be accurate, the latest fifties of the nineteenth century. Then, in a class-room not a hundred miles—or, for the matter of that, yards—off the Strand, might have been seen a not uncommon sight—a schoolmaster putting a "new boy" to moral torture. The schoolmaster was not at all a bad fellow, and besides his scholastic rank rather famous in the art world as a collector; the schoolboy was a numskull, though perhaps not *much* more so than the average. Interrogated as to what he had read, he named some of the ordinary school books and added one not so ordinary. But unfortunately he could not be sure whether it was Plato's "Phaedo" or Phaedo's "Plato." Now if this attitude of mind is not unknown (and nobody who has ever been a schoolmaster or a professor, hardly anyone who has ever been a schoolboy or an undergraduate, will say that it is even very rare) after actual study of actual texts, how much more common is it likely to be when, without any direct knowledge of them, names and contents of books, names and characters of authors, are cascaded on the patient to the extent of libraries of matter, battalions of writers, and millennia of time? The present reviewer would not be in the least surprised if some of Professor Wendell's readers were to go off with the idea that "Henry Adams" wrote the "Odyssey" and that Apollonius Rhodius was a composer of *chansons de geste*.

However, as Mr. Bennet says, let us not take such a gloomy view. The book is a creditable one to have written, and a pleasant—yea, and a profitable one to read when one is pretty well acquainted with its matter, grouping and focusing that matter as it does in an orderly fashion from a genuine if special point of view. And after all it is not impossible that *some* novices will be induced by it to go to the originals—in which case its author will be *at* once—and one hopes more than *for* once—justified.

WORDSWORTH'S ONE ROMANCE.*

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

SOME five years ago Professor Harper published his "Life of Wordsworth," in which was disclosed for the first time a most important fact—important, that is, from a psychological point of view—in the early life of Wordsworth, namely, his liaison with a young French lady during his stay in Orleans in 1791-2, which resulted in the birth of a daughter. The source of this information was a collection of unpublished letters written by Dorothy Wordsworth to her intimate friend, Mrs. Clarkson, the wife of the abolitionist, Thomas Clarkson; and also the unpublished portion of Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary. Professor Harper now gives

* "Wordsworth's French Daughter." By George McLean Harper, Professor of English in Princeton University. 4s. 6d. (Princeton University Press and Oxford University Press.)—"The Early Life of Wordsworth." By Émile Legouis. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

us in his booklet a few additional details as the result of further research, the most valuable of which are the certificate of the birth and baptism of the daughter, Anne Caroline, on December 15th, 1792 (the child was christened on the same day as she was born), and the certificate of her marriage on February 20th, 1816. While preparing his work for a new edition Professor Émile Legouis also continued the investigation, some of the results of which are given in an appendix, and we are promised a separate publication on the subject. He tells us that his discoveries have been many. This announcement is good news and it is greatly to be hoped—now that the question has been opened—that a full explanation if possible may be given of the reason why Wordsworth did not marry his first love. Professor Harper lays great stress on the fact that Marie-Anne Vallon belonged to a family notably Royalist and Catholic, whereas Wordsworth himself, under the influence and persuasion of Michel Beaupuy, the only revolutionary military officer among those with whom Wordsworth formed an acquaintance in Orleans and Blois, became a whole-hearted believer in the popular cause. Moreover, Wordsworth was nominally a Protestant. From the standpoint of the girl's family these two circumstances might be considered an objection to the marriage of the two lovers. But perhaps in themselves they would not have been sufficient to prove an insuperable bar, especially as the family disgrace might be to some extent mitigated and the honour of the family less tarnished by a legal alliance. Such an alliance, however, was a difficulty. On this point Professor Harper's comment is to the point:

William Wordsworth.

"Before the Revolution," he writes, "marriage was in the hands of the Church and was treated as a sacrament. By a decree of the National Assembly on July 12th, 1790, known as the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, all priests and prelates were declared functionaries of the State. Only a few bishops, and not quite half of the lower clergy, took the oath of office under this law, the rest choosing to remain faithful to Rome. It can readily be seen that each side would be reluctant to recognise the validity of marriages celebrated by the other. The ancient sanctity of Church marriages was further assailed in an article of the Constitution of September, 1791: 'The law considers marriage as only a civil contract.' . . . Marie-Anne Vallon belonged to a family which would have considered a merely civil marriage null and void, and marriage by a constitutional priest an insult to religion."

Is this religious difficulty really the explanation, and did Wordsworth or his family offer no opposition?

That is the question, at present unsolved, and it may be that it will remain insoluble unless Professor Legouis in his forthcoming monograph unriddles the puzzle. It should however be stated that Wordsworth honourably admitted his fault, subsequently corresponded with Marie-Anne and her daughter, approved of the latter's marriage in 1816, gave her a dowry and visited her mother, herself and husband, with all of whom he was on the best of terms. But—and this is an important point for us—why, after the publication of the Concordat, April 18th, 1802, when marriage by a non-juring priest would have been legal, did not Wordsworth regularise his connection with Marie-Anne, whom he visited in August of that year, about two months before he married Mary Hutchinson? Some condonation of his moral lapse may be granted on account of Wordsworth's youth and his imperfect knowledge of the world. Association, too, with a more vivacious, volatile and gay people than those of his own nation may have had no little influence on his outlook on life. And the revolutionary ferment must have had its effect. When he arrived in France ostensibly to learn the language, he was only in his twenty-second year; the young woman who fascinated him was the elder, being then in her twenty-sixth year. We know nothing of her personal attractions and we can only conjecture what she found in the young Wordsworth to engage her interest. If his sympathies had been with the Royalists that might have brought them together, but we know that "his heart was all given to the people." It was Beaupuy's burning zeal that fired the young Englishman's enthusiasm, and but for the "chain of harsh necessity," which dragged him home at a critical time, he would—as he tells us—have made common cause with those who perished, and haply perished too. When Wordsworth parted with this honoured and revered friend in the summer of 1792, Beaupuy was only a captain, but his promotion was rapid, for, in an unpublished official letter written by him to General Marceau in the second year of the *republique francaise unie et imperissable*, we find that he was then a Brigadier-General.

To those acquainted with Professor Legouis' fascinating "Early Life of Wordsworth" no recommendation will be necessary. Its first appearance in its English dress—it was translated by Mr. J. W. Matthews—was in 1897. It is an illuminating book and shows a wonderful knowledge not only of Wordsworth's poems and a thorough insight into his character both as a poet and as a man, but also of English literature in general. It is not, as the title shows, a complete biography; it deals only with the poet's life from birth to the year 1798, when the harmony between his mental and moral life, which was disturbed by the crisis through which he passed on the failure of hopes that were called into being

by the French Revolution—that heralded dawn of universal happiness—was once more restored. His early devotion to Nature returned, but without its aching joys and dizzy raptures, though for such loss he believed there had followed abundant recompense, and his feelings, too, were humanised. The debt he owed for this restoration was due more especially to his beloved sister Dorothy, but in other and important ways he was also indebted to that friend whom he met at the most critical period of his life—Coleridge. We now know that the moral crisis through which Wordsworth passed was not entirely caused by politics; the love-episode had, in all probability, no slight or trivial influence in its production.

AN AMERICAN TALKS WITH JOHN MASEFIELD.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

I HAD been at Oxford with some friends for several days, when suddenly I remembered that John Masefield lived at Boar's Hill, just a little way out in the country; and I wondered why I had not thought of this before. Robert Nichols used to speak to me in America of the little colony they had—Masefield, Bridges, Gilbert Murray, and a few others.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Masefield.**

With a young friend who happened along, I took a bus, and then walked at least a mile and a half, inquiring all the way if we were on the right road to the poet's house. Yes, we were—keep straight on; second house to your right beyond that hill. It was hot and dusty. No rain had fallen for days, and the panorama of the valley which spread at our feet when we reached the crest of the hill seemed burning up. The grass was like straw. The view in normal times must be enchanting. To-day it made my heart ache.

There was his house, at last! A simple enough dwelling, the grounds of which we entered through a little gate. It was not unlike many of our American suburban dwellings, with no pretence, no anxiety to be greatly different from other houses round about.

Yes, Mr. Masefield was at home; would we step in? the maid answered our query. We simply sent word by her that two American pilgrims, whose names did not matter, would like to say "Good day" to a writer they had long admired.

The message came back that Mr. Masefield would be happy to see us shortly; but he was at work. I wondered if we had interrupted the composition of a sonnet, and I was not pleased to be the blunt instrument which would thus cut off a magical line. "But he always comes down for tea," the maid explained; and made us comfortable in the dining-room. We looked about. The model of a ship first caught my attention. The author of "Dauber" would be certain to make one with his own hands. Then paintings of his boy and girl, as well as a portrait of himself. A few books, a littered desk, a hospitable fire-place and inviting chairs—these were enough to make the room cosy and habitable. Suddenly, through a French window behind us, Mrs. Masefield came in "from feeding the hens," she laughed. Her husband would be in soon. He was putting some nails in a box in the barn. So it was not a poem we had interrupted!

I told her how, on my first visit to England twelve years ago, I had read "The Everlasting Mercy" on a park bench in Chester, on my way to my steamer. The tattered copy of *The English Review* was passed from one end of the boat to the other; and when I got to New York I told a reporter who had come to interview Andrew Carnegie that I had a far more important piece of news for him: a new poet had arrived in England; and I gave him the torn magazine. In print, later, he agreed with me. And so did the whole world. Mrs. Masefield's eyes filled with tears as I told her this; and I recalled how I had, after a year, written myself to her husband to tell him of my joy in his poetry. "Did I answer?" said a deep voice behind me. And I turned to see Mr. Masefield smiling, his face sunburned, his tired eyes lighted by some divine inner fire.

"You did," I said. "I'm glad of that," he replied. And we all sat down and talked of America. I had heard Masefield lecture during the war; and he looked then as if the weight of the world were upon his shoulders. But now he looked rested and five years younger, and the resiliency had come back to his voice.

"I love America—those busy, teeming cities like Chicago and Kansas City. And New York is wonderful. It's so glorious to do as you do there—when you don't like a street you tear it down and build it over again! I have often wondered at Americans constantly coming over here to see our ancient, crumbling walls, our worn-out relics, when your youth and fire and fervour are so much more worth while."

My young friend, who had been "doing" Europe for a year, and doing it thoroughly, looked amazed. But of course, lover of young and growing cities that I am, Masefield's words were a lyric in my ears.

"It is true," he went on. "You have so much of energy to give, so much that is inspiring and new; and that plays its part in the world, you know."

He liked American audiences; but the long journeys tired him and interfered with his work of writing; and he was not sure when he would tour the States again. But when he does go Mrs. Masefield is going with him. She has never been. America will be as cordial to her as it has been to her husband.

They urged us to stay for tea; but a boom of thunder echoed far off, and the first rain of the summer began to sing in the garden, and we said we must run for our bus. Another guest had come in, so we hurried to the road, Masefield showing us to the gate and waving us good-bye. He looked like a ghost in his suit of white linen, but a healthy, normal ghost—as normal as those robust songs of the sea he has sung so well.

XUM

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.*

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

A NOVELIST is soon forgotten, but the six years that have elapsed since the publication of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Clean Heart" but pave the way to a more eager welcome for "If Winter Comes," the most original achievement of 1921. This is the young writer who attracted a legion of friends by his first light-hearted effort, "Once Aboard the Lugger." There is no need—Heaven be praised!—to commend "The Happy Warrior" to the world. That beautiful and chivalrous creation gained the meed it deserved. As a romance of altruism nothing in modern fiction has excelled it. Hutchinson had his heart on the Holy Grail when he wrote it. The story of self-sacrifice has often something sickly in its texture, but the hero of "The Happy Warrior" was a genuine fighting man. There is a description of a boxing encounter in that brave book as good as Doyle's pugilistic *tour de force* in "Rodney Stone." "The Clean Heart" came out in the month that war was declared and, as may be imagined, it never had a fair chance. Readers of Mr. Hutchinson's most recent book, "If Winter Comes," will certainly go back to its predecessor.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Before dealing with this fascinating and at times bewildering novel, I would like to convey what kind of person Hutchinson is, as he is never likely to convey it for himself, being stricken by that rare disease which is called modesty. Well, then, the novelist-to-be began life as a student at St. Thomas's Hospital, but medicine and surgery had no fascination for him, and writing had an overwhelming enchantment for him. He wrote and wrote and continued to write, and steadfastly refrained from reading. In that feverish period Hutchinson earned his first guineas—it was thirty shillings—and he never got it. The magazine, *The Ludgate*, went smash after publishing his contribution—a poem—but cause and effect are not suggested.

When the unwilling student was two years behind with his exams. something had to be done, and he did it by renouncing parent-aided education and setting out to earn his own living with the pen.

"How I had the courage," Mr. Hutchinson whimsically confessed to me, "I can't (now) imagine. I wrote all day long every conceivable form of article and short story. I got a regular five shillings a week from *Scraps* for comic verse, and then began to get random acceptances here and there. I believe I was only a very few months at this way of life, and then, astoundingly, I attracted the attention of Mr. P. W. Everitt, of *Pearson's*. He asked me to call, and I told him my ambitions, and two weeks later came, most astonishingly, an offer to join the staff. I learned my trade at *Pearson's*, but I left *Pearson's* because I wanted to write a novel, and there is no room in a popular magazine for a young man who is obsessed with the idea of writing a novel."

In the process of writing it the struggling author was offered the opportunity of doing leaderettes for the *Daily Graphic*. That was in 1907. In 1908 he found himself, to his amazement sub-editor of the paper, and in 1912, to his increased wonder, he became editor, and remained in that position until 1916, when he joined the army, finishing his military experiences with the first Army of Occupation in Germany.

On demobilisation Hutchinson definitely did what he had determined on for years—broke with journalism and set up as a novelist without any other preoccupation. "If Winter Comes" is the first splendid fruit of that undivided interest.

"Once Aboard the Lugger" was rejected once, but was welcomed by Alston Rivers, who made a great success of it. "The Happy Warrior" was a greater. Of "The Clean Heart" Hutchinson says with his charming self-depreciation, "I think it has some not bad stuff in it."

From the manner of its telling and the evolution of its psychology, "If Winter Comes" is an extraordinarily difficult book to do justice to in review; and I was strangely interested in Mr. Hutchinson's account of his method of work when planning out and actually working on the novel.

"I write," he told me, "from character, not plot. All

* "If Winter Comes." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

the characters in 'If Winter Comes,' except Effie, were in my head years before I wrote about them. They just moved about in my brain from 1915 to 1919, doing nothing; and nothing I could think of would make them do anything. Then one day came observation of the fact that the convention which makes life grievously hard for an unmarried mother who will not be parted from her child, though superficially cruel in its application, is profoundly sound and just in its intention. I presented this to the obstinate characters. They simply jumped! The rest was easy."

It is in accord with Hutchinson's vision of life that for him the best victory is in apparent defeat.

". . . O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

This eccentric novel is full of heartbreak, and yet the pulse of triumph predominates. Mark Sabre—called by his intimates "Old Sabre"—at thirty-four is married and apparently "done for." He is a member of a prosperous firm and promotion is indicated for him, but his life is not destined for security. His household is already disintegrating in the sway of its mistress. Mark's wife is one of those humourless, literal-minded Englishwomen who make such good housekeepers and such abominable companions. He knows that there is something logical behind all the conventions she obeys, but is troubled and chilled by her sheer want of humanity.

There is nothing on the surface romantic about Mark Sabre. He is just a good average man, fond of a joke and a frolic, holding women in respect, greeting children with a smile. He overtops the average man perhaps in his sympathy for the sufferings of others, in his desire that every one should be happy.

Lady Tybar, wife of a very cruel type of epicurean, turns to Mark from her callous husband; Nona and Mark have been sweethearts from childhood; when she finds her burden unbearable Mark consents to share it in exile; but one gathers that the opening gun of the war which reconciles Nona with Tybar is an instrument of relief for Mark, whose loyalty to Mabel survives all affection for her. The little love scenes, however, between Nona and "Marko" are quite beautiful in their simplicity and comradeship.

Mark is not an A1 life. He is refused time and again for the army, and finally, when the C3 men have a chance and he gets into Tommy's khaki, the well-bred Mabel thinks he looks rather a fool. The war experiences are told in a couple of admirable chapters.

However, I must speed on to Effie. Sabre has placed this young girl—"Bright Effie," as he called her, from her sunny radiance of spirit—as companion to old Mrs. Perch when her Freddie had left her to go to France. With the death of the old woman Mark asks Mabel to take the girl to gladden the house when he shall have left her. Mark has no feeling for Effie but admiration for her youth and spring and courage; but Mabel is no believer in such abstract relationships. Her whole object when Mark is gone is to treat the girl in such wise as to compel her to leave the house. So when Mark is on the bidding of his country, Effie is driven from his roof-tree. She also seeks some kind of military service in France.

Mark is wounded, very badly wounded, and is sent back to hospital and then to his loveless home. There comes a letter from Effie to Mabel Sabre—a hopeless, pitiful appeal for shelter. Effie is in disgrace; she has got a baby; and the baby has no father that Effie can boast of.

Clumsy, blundering Mark, now a cripple, persecuted by the men he had worked with, the Rev. Sebastian Fortune, the oily humbug, and Mr. Shearman Twyning, who hates Mark like poison simply because the mean detests the generous, puts it to Mabel that the girl must be protected. Mabel leaves the house and Mark remains on. The rumour of divorce proceedings stupefies him. The voice of scandal gets busy, and when Effie kills herself to rid Mark of the burden on him, the nervous, overwrought man is driven almost mad. Mark's visit to the mortuary, where the hapless girl and her child are left exposed to the eyes of the curious; the long torture of the coroner's inquest which censures the broken Quixote, are almost intolerable in their agony. Mark finds a letter from Effie which absolves him of any share in her shame, but he cannot clear himself thus, as it will inculpate the son of his bitterest enemy—that enemy calling to God for the son that has been taken from him.

Mark Sabre collapses, and is only restored to life and sanity by the tireless care of Nona, now a widow. The end shows the approach of a belated spring in the stormy career of this simple Galahad. This is but a rough sketch of a living, breathing book, compact of the very essence of life. "If Winter Comes" is the noblest book of the year.

New Books.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES.

When two books on such different subjects as boy psychology and the teaching of English* have to be included in the same review one naturally looks around for common points. In this case the closest contact is found in the spirit of protest that is present in both. Some sixteen years ago Mr. Frank J. Adkins took for the title of a little book on the educational problems of the day the biblical "Tekel." This word might appropriately appear on the front page of at least a dozen books of the same kind that have since appeared, and nowhere would it be more in place than in the two books now under consideration. Whatever their differences they cordially agree in proclaiming our present system of elementary education as a failure. At first sight it might appear that Mr. Sampson is dealing with mere literary instruction, while Mr. Servanté specialises in moral training, but examination shows that "English for the English" is no mere treatise on method. Mr. Sampson has without doubt the wider scope of the two. He certainly keeps to his subject, but he treats it in the broadest way, and in particular develops its social and artistic aspects. His pages will gratify the drafters of the Labour Party's recent memorandum on education, in which they strongly condemn any vocational training

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. George Sampson.**

* "English for the English." By George Sampson. 5s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)—"The Psychology of the Boy." By F. A. Servanté. 1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

before the age of sixteen. So far from seeking to prepare for the future vocation of the elementary school pupils, Mr. Sampson would prepare them *against* it. In other words he wants to make provision for the extra-vocational part of their future life. To this end English has to be taught so as to realise all its humanistic possibilities. The classical teachers' claims to a monopoly of humanism are contemptuously brushed aside; yet Mr. Sampson is no foe to the classics. He would indeed introduce Latin as the first language to be taught in school after the mother tongue. But English must occupy the first place.

Mr. Sampson is an iconoclast, but he realises the need for moderation in his destruction. He wants many revolutions, but he has the sense to see that he cannot have more than one at a time. The revolution that commands his immediate attention concerns the teaching of the mother tongue. He does not mince matters. He would sweep away most of our present methods. In particular he would abolish the specific teaching of composition as a separate subject, and the essay would go by the board as a ridiculously over-difficult subject for average pupils. At the first blush the ordinary teacher of English in the elementary schools may welcome all this as a happy release from responsibility, but those who are in search of an easy billet are ill-advised to come to this book for guidance. So far from the teaching of English taking a more subordinate place in our schools, it is to be raised to the place of first importance. It is no longer to be entrusted to the specialist alone. The teaching of English must be regarded in school as everybody's business. Every teacher *in* English is necessarily a teacher *of* English. This is sound doctrine; the intelligent public will have little sympathy with those teachers who decline all responsibility for anything but their special subjects. The teacher of domestic science who indignantly refuses to be troubled about such matters as spelling and correct construction, is above her business, and should be released from her functions. We are beginning to understand the sting of Lavisso's criticism that in school we too frequently have merely a fragment of an educator addressing a fragment of a pupil—and, he might have added, about a fragment of a subject. Mr. Sampson might well have quoted Mr. H. G. Wells's claim that the first function of the school is to promote intercourse; all the other functions are subordinate to this.

Mr. Sampson rightly discriminates between composition as record and composition as creation. In the first aspect everybody can compose, and this form of composition can be taught. On the creative side only a very limited number of pupils should be called upon to produce. Here Mr. Sampson is perhaps too pessimistic. At any rate my experience seems to indicate that creative power is more widely distributed among elementary school pupils than he represents. He has, however, done a valuable service in emphasising the danger of neglecting this distinction, particularly in the higher forms of composition. His own work here suggests a good way of stimulating the creative impulse, for his method of *induction to literature*—the process of "getting it over" to the pupils—suggests a valuable training of the dormant creative powers. This section of the book is of first-rate importance.

It will be seen that Mr. Sampson rises far above mere technique. He is interested in the souls of his pupils, and is suspicious of psychology, for "In spite of its name, psychology has nothing to do with the soul." This must be regarded as a matter of opinion, and we cannot expect Mr. Servanté to agree. It is natural that a man who writes as a clergyman and as the chaplain of a Boy Scouts' Association should take a view different from that of an experienced and successful teacher. He wants, for example, to speak of *hormé* as a person, and uses *who* and *whom* when referring to it. But the two views are not antagonistic. Mr. Servanté writes (perhaps too timidly, certainly too apologetically) from the psycho-analytical standpoint to people who are novices; Mr. Sampson writes (perhaps too trenchantly, perhaps even truculently—though I hasten to add that I am on his side all the time) as an expert to experts who may or may not agree with him. We have something to learn from both; but professional teachers will naturally be specially grateful to Mr. Sampson.

JOHN ADAMS.

Photo by Isabel Hartnell, Hull.

J. E. Buckrose
(Mrs. Falconer Jameson).

THE PRIVET HEDGE.*

The privet hedge which separated the dwelling of the two out-of-date ladies, who share the honours of heroine with two others in this story, was symbolical. It shut the world from them; but the world, in the shape of builders' men, pushed forward and invaded their seclusion. The hedge was at last dug up, and the constant lament of the two sisters that "things will never be the same" was justified. Those who are familiar with the author's work will know that any book from her pen is certain to "grip," and this charming novel is no exception. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, at a watering-place from which the Flamborough Light can be seen, and the four principal ladies of the story are most cleverly conceived temperamental studies. Caroline, the young girl of the domestic class who arrives at a higher social plane by constant striving and the defiance of her homely surroundings, is given a place in the ticket-office of the Thorhaven dancing hall. She has two romances, one with a quite impossible young "bounder" of the type which Mr. Pett Ridge loves to delineate, the other with a prosperous business man of the town who is engaged to a wealthy and independent girl. This second love-affair predominates, and the struggles of the two, caught in the net of mutual passion, to spare the feelings of the one who had the right of possession, are depicted with a delicacy that only this author can convey. Fate gives them to one another in the end, and in thus solving the problem we seem to touch a weak point in the story. We hardly feel convinced that Caroline was the suitable partner for a man of Godfrey

* "The Privet Hedge." By J. E. Buckrose. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).

XUM

Wilson's character; nor do we see him so easily giving up the acquisition of the fortune that would have come to him through marriage with Laura Temple. However, after such an interesting tangle, compelled as we are to follow it without a break, no urgent ground of complaint is possible. In this class of story there are few who can captivate our imagination with more certainty than this delightful writer.

THICK OR CLEAR?*

Do you like Thick or Clear? Do you prefer the *purée* of Mr. Clutton-Brock or the *consommé* of Mr. Walkley? Both are good. Mr. Clutton-Brock appears to be more nourishing, Mr. Walkley appears to be more digestible; but we must not go entirely by appearance. The amount of nourishment in the thickest of Thick may be no greater than in the clearest of Clear, and the digestibility of both may be equal. If you are wise you will have both at hand, and take whichever the moment's need suggests. At least they make an excellent contrast.

Mr. Clutton-Brock's essays will be familiar to many as the first page articles in recent issues of *The Times Literary Supplement*; Mr. Walkley's will be equally familiar as the initialled columns contributed to the more frivolous daily issues of that paper. Mr. Clutton-Brock is above all things serious. He seems anxious that you should think him incapable of frivolity. Mr. Walkley, on the other hand, frisks very sedulously lest you should think him capable of pedantry. Each is perhaps a trifle excessive. Mr. Brock, in particular, might unbend a little. He has delivered so many lay sermons that his utterance has grown to suggest the pulpit; and the layman in the pulpit is apt to be *plus royaliste que le roi*. The late Father Stanton could crack jokes from the pulpit; the layman dare not. This is an example of what I mean. Mr. Clutton-Brock quotes Walt Whitman's familiar lines about animals:

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God—"

And so on. Upon this he observes with some severity, not merely that Saint Augustine and other great men have lain awake in the dark and wept for their sins, but that "we do not know enough about animals to say what Whitman says about them"! Now that, I think, is a solemnity born of the pulpit. In places where one is allowed to laugh it wouldn't be said. I hope Mr. Clutton-Brock will not think I am raising frivolous objections. On the contrary I admire his essays, and I cordially recommend them to all good readers; but I offer myself to him as a specimen of *l'homme moyen sensuel* tending to grow a little restless under the strain of protracted earnestness. In fact I give myself away as an Awful Warning. It is not often a reviewer will do as much—intentionally. I should add that Mr. Clutton-Brock's subjects in the present volume include George Herbert, George Meredith, Poe, Marvell, Vaughan and Tolstoy, and that the secret of his quietism in prose is to be found in a sentence that I take to embody his own aspirations:

"One dreams of a prose that has never yet been written in English, though the language is made for it, and there are minds not incapable of it, a prose dealing with the greatest things quietly and justly as men deal with them in their secret meditations, seeming perhaps to wander, but always advancing in an unbroken sequence of thought with a controlled ardour of discovery and the natural beauties of a religious mind."

Of Mr. Walkley's volume I will say that the first of it is not the best. His *pastiches*, his little attempts in the manner of Aristotle, Addison, Fielding, Boswell, Sterne, Jane Austen and Dickens are not bad, but they are not important. Most readers will prefer the natural sprouts and flourishes of Mr. Walkley's own wit to his imitation of the wit of others, and of those sprouts and flourishes there is an abundance in these pages. His subjects are precisely those on which we all prefer to hear him—matters of the theatre and aspects of criticism—and he discusses them with becoming gravity accompanied by redeeming levity. Having lectured Mr. Clutton-Brock on his besetting sin I don't see why I should let Mr. Walkley escape; so I ask him to consider whether he does not overdo the allusion in general and some allusions in particular—whether some of his cloud of witnesses are not dragged in a little violently. "But things," as Bishop Butler says, "are what they are"—is it really worth while citing Bishop Butler to testify so little? Is it worth while to call up twice within a few pages—even with apologies—the character in Molière who remarks, "*Le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire*"? Mr. Walkley, as we know, is addicted to French, and I am sure would believe anything told him in the French language. But he calmly writes this English sentence, "It was for him that I should have liked to have thought of it." He would blush with shame if it were proved that he had written a sentence like that in French. He cheerfully and engagingly confesses that he has never even heard of Mr. X, Mrs. Y and Miss Z, English coterie novelists of the moment. I suspect that he would lose his tongue rather than confess that he had never even heard of Monsieur X, Madame Y and Mademoiselle Z. But this is ungracious! What I should be telling Mr. Walkley is that his papers become the more delightful the more he lets himself go; and what I should be telling the reader is that the best pages of the volume combine wit, wisdom and the elegance of learning in a way that suggests the traditionally excellent table talk that no one ever hears.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "More Essays About Books." By A. Clutton-Brock. 6s. net. (Methuen.)—"Pastiche and Prejudice." By A. B. Walkley. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE TRIBAL GOD.*

Mr. Tremaine—or should it, in spite of the masculine Herbert, be Miss?—has tried rather too much in this very readable novel. His main subject, the influence of family life, the snobbishness of certain English circles, was enough without his also attempting the more difficult task of portraying the devoted love between Bridget and Susan or Bridget's confusion between the claims of Susan, Kit Gates and Paul Casslen. The author is not equal to this last task: neither Paul nor Kit are sufficiently characterised, and though Susan is an admirable portrait of the independent girl, whose affections are for her friend, Mr. Tremaine shirks the problem involved in Bridget's affection for Susan. On the other hand, we have read no recent novel, nothing since Thackeray, which gives more realistically the thick, stupid, cruel and heavy atmosphere of a family at once ignorant and arrogant. The deep despondency induced by reading about the Casslens is as real as the impression such a family makes if one meets it. "The Tribal God" is a book of rare promise.

JOANNA GODDEN.†

A year ago, writing of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Green Apple Harvest," I said what so many reviewers have said and are still saying, namely, that her mind has been coloured, her philosophy strengthened and deepened, by a study of Mr. Thomas Hardy's work. I now believe that criticism to be at best superficial. What similarities exist in these two writers' methods of unfolding a story, and in their individual outlook upon life, are apparent rather than real. Mr. Hardy and Miss Kaye-Smith do not even share the same cast of mind. Reverent though most of us must be towards Mr. Hardy's genius, we cannot acquit him of

* "The Tribal God." By Herbert Tremaine. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

† "Joanna Godden." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Aubrey Beardsley.

From a photo by F. H. Evans.

Aubrey Beardsley.

From "Portraits of the Nineties," by E. T. Raymond (Fisher Unwin).

XUM

perversely compelling all his multiform presentations of life to conform with his theory of life; his creatures are inevitably the victims of the deliberate malice of destiny; their unfulfilled lives meet with the crackling, ironic laughter of the gods. But in Miss Kaye-Smith's books no rigid theory of life lies implicit. Destiny may baulk her imperfect men and women of complete happiness, but she does not, either by inference or innuendo, lay the blame for their lives' futility upon a grinning all-malevolence. Mr. Hardy sees us all controlled and brought to nothingness by an elaborate machinery of blind accidents, by the wickedness of circumstance, by the miraculous "fitting in" of time, place and people; that is to say, the individual is controlled from without. In Miss Kaye-Smith's stories the destiny of most of her chief characters is evolved from within.

It is so with Joanna Godden. The reader may object that Joanna's meeting with Bertie Hill was an "accident"; but it was not so. Joanna issued from the Palace Hotel, Marlingate, that warm night in April, when the sea "was a deep, glamorous grey," for the purpose of finding Bertie or some one of Bertie's kind. True, she had no knowledge of Bertie Hill's existence; nevertheless she went out to seek him; went out to seek a man upon whom she could pour her humble, abundant love. It was her need of him that created him. Almost any outwardly decent man, that night, would have made for her a Bertie Hill. This quality of hers—the power to impose herself upon circumstance, to force circumstance to develop for her own undoing—makes her a human and a very credible creature. The good and the evil that befall her are the good and the evil of her own large, intolerant, loving, seemly yet showy nature.

The book is a patient yet inspired portrayal of a group of people who, during the first twenty years or so of this century, lived on Walland Marsh, three miles from Rye. It has no "plot" in the old-fashioned sense of the term. The people are everything. As in life, the big incidents evolve naturally and slowly from the minor issues of everyday existence. Miss Kaye-Smith gives us drama without being "dramatic." There is no strain. The story unfolds itself as deliberately as a bud that hour by hour curves itself outwards into blossom. The characters blend with their environment so closely that when the vulgar, cockney-souled Bertie comes from London to Ans-dore, he is an offence to the landscape. This unity of people and place, so constantly seen in life, is rarely encountered in fiction, for the imaginative writer is apt imperiously and disastrously to provide his setting not from a vast store of half-conscious observation, but by means of an easy inventiveness that is unreal because it has no substantial counterpart in nature. Miss Kaye-Smith's imagination is fed and nourished by her apprehensive and apprehending senses; the landscape she has observed—its colour, contour, smell—is transmuted into art, and by means of art gathers beauty and durability.

Joanna, even to her neighbours, is an oddity. At the death of her father she manages her farm and, after a failure or two, begins to prosper. She is independent, experimental, loud. Though she sends her young sister to a "select school at Folkestone," in order that Ellen may become "a lady," Joanna herself half falls in love with one of her humble employees, a man whose neck "was like the trunk of an oak with roots of firm, beautiful muscle in the field of his broad chest." But Sockernesh is ox-like in his slowness and sees not his mistress's yearning; when one night she totters into his arms he thinks she is ill and, holding her by her shoulders, stupidly inquires if she feels better now. Sockernesh is dismissed. Real love comes at the advent of Martin Trevor, the son of Sir Harry. Her courtship of him, rather brazen though it is, has the beauty of deep feeling. To him "she was like some sterling homespun piece, strong and sweet-smelling—she was like a plot of the marsh earth, soft and rich and alive." Their short engagement is terminated by Martin's death just before marriage. Joanna's maternal instinct is spent prodigally on her little sister and on her farm. But Ellen returns only a cold, inefficient love for Joanna's passion, and the farm, though fresh acres are added to it, is too narrow and dumb and unresponsive for its owner's generous nature. Ill and despondent, Joanna goes to Marlingate and spends herself royally on Bertie Hill, the London clerk. She gives him all—she who has been loved by fine, loyal men of the Marsh. "It's for my child's sake I won't marry Bertie Hill," she tells her "respectable" sister, to whom the statement is all the more incomprehensible, as the child is not yet born.

Many of us who try to write fiction can produce a beautiful page, an eager, living paragraph. But it is given to very few to create a big work of art, rounded and symmetrical, full of richness and the nobility of truth, and alive in its every part with the glow of genius. That work is here; if it is not a great novel, it comes within measurable distance of greatness.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER.*

Vox populi, vox dei is the maxim upon which the world nowadays at least believes itself to be run, and fortunately the *vox populi* is generally cajoled into shouting the thing approximately necessary. But it is a curious commentary on the presumably more and more educated discernment of Democracy to reflect that whereas a century ago, when Democracy had little to say in the fashioning of its destinies, the great figures of the Napoleonic wars which the popular imagination adopted—Napoleon, Blücher and Wellington—did in point of fact actually equal if not surpass the popular conception of their genius, the popular heroes of the World War—Hindenburg, Kitchener and Joffre—were all three of them merely myth-incarnations of the national spirit. In all three cases the nation set up an idol whose taciturnity was believed to conceal the supernatural wisdom of which it had need—and in all three cases the unfortunate man shut up in the idol suffered in the reaction from the deification which had not produced the thunderbolts so earnestly prayed for. For not one of these three had that immense genius for war needed to control such a mighty conflict, that genius which waited, unconsidered until the eleventh hour, in Maréchal Foch alone. With Hindenburg and Joffre we have here nothing to do. But it is the tragedy of an honest and well-meaning man popularly accredited with a genius he did not possess and bidden to employ that genius under circumstances of enormous initial difficulty, in an undertaking vaster than the world had yet seen—and not that night of shipwreck in the North Sea—which is the theme of Lord Esher's "Tragedy of Lord Kitchener."

The key-note of that tragedy is struck at the outset. The British public, uneasily conscious in August, 1914, that its Government contained elements reluctant to fight Germany, clamoured for a strong man, about whom there could be no doubt, to express its will for war. It clamoured for Kitchener—and not unnaturally, for (except the aged Lord Roberts) Kitchener was the only soldier of tried and first-class reputation that England knew of. Was he not Kitchener of Khartoum, the avenger of Gordon, the conqueror of the Sudan, the patient victor of the Boer War? There would be no nonsense with Kitchener in the saddle! His taciturnity betrayed none of the legends of ruthless efficiency which had gathered about him. The whole of Britain knew him from his portrait—an incarnation of stern and dogged will-power backing an intellect cold as ice and penetrative as a sword. That was how the Empire saw him, but, says Lord Esher:

"No one knew better than Lord Kitchener his own limitations. . . . He was no longer the K. of K. of the Sudan and South Africa, and he only as yet was aware of the tragic fact. . . . The armour of his soul had rusted. . . ."

It is doubtful whether at any time in his career Kitchener, given the opportunity, could have proved himself the

* "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener." By Lord Esher. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

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equal of such soldiers as, say, Wellington, Wolseley or Roberts. Here, in the heart of the greatest crisis that had ever convulsed the Empire, with such an opportunity for genius as no British soldier before him had ever had, he was merely the simulacrum of that superman the nation, from Prime Minister to ploughboy, believed him to be.

Nevertheless he was more clear-sighted, had a firmer grasp of reality, than any of the governing personalities of that flurried period; he had a juster conception of the nature of the war than, in the inevitable reaction from excessive hero-worship, he was subsequently allowed. He saw from the first that the war would last, not three months, but at the least three years. He saw from the first the vicious illusion in the original French plan of campaign which let such a flood of misery into France.

At the War Office, too, he commenced with a display of that energy which the country expected of him. The magic of his name called forth new armies whether or not he would have done better to have incorporated them in that Territorial organisation which notoriously he disliked. And he had the great asset of being intolerant of red-tape. To take an illuminative example mentioned by Lord Esher. At the time of the Battle of the Aisne the British army was utterly without any modern organisation for the transport or care of the wounded. There was not a British motor-ambulance in the fighting zone, and there was a ghastly shortage of hospitals. The British Red Cross had offered 200 ambulances and 1,000 trained nurses as well as any necessary hospitals. All were refused. "No Red Cross aid was required beyond Rouen. That was a decision from which apparently there was no appeal." The case was reported to Kitchener:

> "Within a few moments of becoming acquainted of the facts he rang his bell . . . and in short, sharp sentences, without question or comment, issued verbal instructions ordering the Red Cross hospitals to be freed, and granting every request which the British Red Cross had made."

Within a few hours there was a new head of the R.A.M.C. at the War Office. "He was on that day," comments Lord Esher, "the Kitchener of Khartoum."

But this decisive K. of K. was soon smothered in the immense amount of administrative work he took upon himself, and the higher conduct of the war was left to that Cabinet of twenty-three, "a vestry-meeting presided over by the vicar," which "thought about war as a blind man might think about colour" and which looked pitifully to Kitchener for a strong lead that never came.

> "You walked away from Lord K.'s room," says Lord Esher, "feeling that although our system of conducting a great war was misguided and he knew it, he was no longer the K. of K. qualified to find a remedy."

Lord Kitchener has to answer at the bar of history, not only for the "Shells" scandal (of which Lord Esher, or anyone else, can only say that "he was unquestionably, in his loyal way, covering with his high authority the blind complacency of his subordinates at the War Office"), but for his failure to back up Winston Churchill (until it was too late, as Lord Esher omits to mention) at Antwerp, and on the other hand for allowing that "whimsical genius" (as Lord Esher calls him) to stampede the Cabinet into the mad adventure of the Dardanelles. He has to answer for allowing General French, whose incapacity was evident to him from the outset, to remain as C.-in-C. in France throughout 1915, and he has to answer for having, against his judgment, approved of the Salonika expedition when the time for it had gone by. (Kitchener believed in the flank attack from the Near East, but he did not believe in the Salonika venture at the end of 1915, which was merely an outcome of French parliamentary intrigue.) He has above all to answer for his obstinate resistance to conscription which cost Great Britain the best of her life-blood. Against all this must be set that without his heroic soul, sternly convinced of the inevitability of at least three years' war, the British Empire might not have made that stupendous effort which, throwing off the dismay of that first retreat from Mons, supported France until victory could be made certain.

Lord Esher says that Kitchener cannot be summed up in two words, but Lord Cromer's judgment of him, which he quotes, perhaps comes near to a synthesis—"while incapable of great initiative, he was a great agent." He was the agent through which the will-to-win of the British people, contemptuous of its politicians, first expressed itself.

Lord Esher's book is not only a brilliant study of his central personage, but it is filled with life-like, if kindly and discreet, character-sketches of all the important Allied actors in the great drama. It is a piece of fascinating literature, and at the same time it is an invaluable historical document.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

ENGLISH ASSOCIATION ESSAYS.*

Mr. A. C. Bradley has brought together a remarkably entertaining volume of essays on subjects connected with literature, written by members of the English Association. It opens with a scholarly article on "The Cædmonian Genesis," containing the interesting speculation that by some means Milton became acquainted with the work of his unnamed predecessor, and that "Paradise Lost" is under obligation to the ninth-century poem; and it ends with a learned paper on "Dialects in Middle English." The volume is privileged also to include the address given by Mr. W. P. Ker before the Association at Oxford, in 1919, on "The Humanist Ideal," with its luminous and contrasted aspects of study taken from Rabelais and Milton, set side by side in happy juxtaposition; of which some will be glad to preserve a permanent record. Readers of THE BOOKMAN, however, are likely to be more generally interested for various reasons in the three middle essays of the book—"On Playing the Sedulous Ape," by Mr. George Sampson; "Trollope Revisited," by Mr. George Saintsbury; and "Conrad," by Mr. F. Melian Stawell; and to these three papers I wish particularly to invite attention in this notice.

Mr. Sampson deals with the sempiternal subject of style, taking Stevenson as a convenient jumping board. He is gravely concerned with Mr. Saintsbury's judgment that only towards the end of life did Stevenson acquire a style perfectly natural, free and his own. Mr. Sampson quotes the latter's famous confession as to having played the sedulous ape to many diverse authors, but he does not quite believe in these reputed monkey tricks, despite the novelist's habit of inviting the confidence of every mirror that he passed. He admits that Stevenson—with Lamb—had the gift of assimilation, but (impenitent to the last) defends his position with the joyous observation that Lamb wrote the "Essays of Elia," not because he admired the seventeenth century, but admired the seventeenth century because he composed the "Essays of Elia." Mr. Sampson is very brilliant and pungent, as is his wont. He remarks wittily that "style is the feather in the arrow, not the feather in the hat"; but I am not certain that he realises altogether the implication of his epigram, so far as Lamb and Stevenson are concerned. These modish writers are more manner than matter, more occupied about choiceness of phrase than with depth of judgment, and precisely beyond others wear the feather in the hat with an air. Possibly because the highest prose "has a certain quality of perfection almost independent of personal means," one esteems the prose of Newman above even that of these two delightful writers; and I grudge that Mr. Sampson should find space to speak of the "occasional lapses of 'Apologia.'" In this he but repeats the criticism of the purist author of "A Mummer's Wife"; and it seems but poor fun to point out some slight flaw in a diamond.

Anthony Trollope, the theme of Mr. Saintsbury's contribution, was a brisk popular novelist of the Victorian age, with no pretensions whatever to be considered as a stylist. Certainly he never distracted his reader's attention from

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the printed narrative to the feather in his hat. Trollope was a very competent journeyman of letters, turning out his task at the rate of one thousand words an hour, for so many hours a day. He produced more than Voltaire, and more than twice as much as Carlyle, though not perhaps of the same enduring quality. He was always a favourite of Mr. Saintsbury's, who in a previous work described him as the most interesting of all but the supreme novelists of his century. Mr. Saintsbury has re-read these novels recently, and in "Trollope Revisited" gives his revised estimate, written in his usual sturdy, forthright, and eminently enjoyable fashion. Trollope's modesty led him to consider that he was unlikely to be read in the twentieth century, but here, fortunately, he was mistaken. Some of his novels may be unreadable, but others Mr. Saintsbury ranks very high indeed, and these not confined altogether to the Barset cycle. In fact, Trollope is very much alive to-day, and were various of his books easier to procure it is conceivable there would be quite a little boom in his work.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, it is stated, was perusing Trollope the day he commenced to write "Almayer's Folly." Here, of a truth, is the modern miracle, that a man should use a foreign tongue with so perfect a sense of style. Mr. Conrad will not admit that he adopted our language, but rather that it adopted him, so that its idioms had a direct action on his temperament, and fashioned his still plastic character. He learned much also from Flaubert and Maupassant, both as literature, and in the conduct of narrative. Mr. Stawell's essay is a very illuminating piece of criticism on a Polish landsman who became first a British sailor, and later an English classic. It includes also analyses of several of the more famous romances, of a distinctly helpful order.

This sixth series of "Essays and Studies" can be recommended heartily to any student with a taste for what is excellent and varied in literature.

EUGENE MASON.

THE APPROACH TO ART.

As one guilty of authorship in this particular I am always comforted when booksellers assure me that there is still a demand for books on art, but at the same time I am ever a little surprised at the genial tolerance of a public willing to pick up by ear what should be learnt with the eye. Time was when I also took books upon art very seriously and diligently applied myself to their reading for instruction and self-improvement. I thought I learned a lot from R. A. M. Stevenson's "Velasquez"—and I did. I learnt among other things that "Technique is art," and it took me nearly ten years to unlearn that dangerous fallacy.

Mr. Percy Moore Turner has escaped that pitfall, the confusion of art with craftsmanship, and though he does not give Tolstoy all the credit that he should, he accepts the doctrine laid down in "What is Art?" and defines a work of art as a vehicle that transmits emotion. In his zeal for painting Mr. Turner allows himself to be carried to lengths where I cannot honestly follow. I cannot agree that the "emotional appeal" of a Corot is "more spontaneous and, as a consequence, immeasurably greater" than a story by Dickens. There are very, very few pictures which, for their emotional appeal, could fitly be compared with "David Copperfield"; Millet's "Sower" could be, Ghirlandajo's "Old Man with His Grandchild" at the Louvre, and there are a dozen others one might think of: surely if any sort of parallel be permissible the comparison should be between Corot and "Cranford."

But this excess of enthusiasm is a positive virtue in a writer whose avowed business it is to develop the emotions of his readers, and I willingly concede that no recent book is better calculated to heighten the interest of the unlearned in pictures and to improve their taste than "The Appreciation of Painting."*

Mr. Turner's book is valuable because it is in the first part (which is also the better part) largely auto-psychological. The reader is beguiled to take an interest in painting by hearing how the author became interested in painting. Happily placed in Norfolk during his boyhood, Mr. Turner grew to love the work of Old Crome because the artist depicted the country he knew and loved. Familiarity with the work of Crome led to study of the work of Stark and Vincent, with comparisons not to the advantage of the two latter. Next came a natural reference to painters by whom Crome himself had been influenced, to Richard Wilson, Ruisdael, Hobbema and Cuyp. From these it was but a step to Rubens and Rembrandt, and so we learn, as indeed is the truth, that if you are keenly interested in one painter this interest will gradually lead you to the study of other painters, and by the process of comparison you will in time find out for yourself who are the best and the greatest.

Unquestionably Mr. Turner's method is the right one. In art the line of least resistance must be followed for any good to result. Begin by finding an artist who arouses your sympathy. That is the first step, and all experience confirms Mr. Turner in his belief that it really does not much matter with whom you start. The essential is that you should be genuinely and keenly interested. Having found your man, then compare his works with works akin by his contemporaries, his predecessors and his successors. Go on comparing all the time, keep it up, form your own judgments—they may be wrong, but they will be sincere—revise your judgments in the light of later experience, and in the end all painting will be known to you.

It is perfectly true that one painter leads to another, and progress is not the less effective even when it is unconscious. By extraordinary good luck I managed to pick up a couple of colour-prints by Hiroshigi for eighteenpence each when I was a schoolboy. I have lived with them ever since, and though no doubt I appreciate them more to-day than I did when they were first purchased, still I liked them then. And because I liked them, later on I liked Whistler (much to the scandal of Ruskin-worshipping relatives), and because I liked Whistler I soon got to like Velasquez (who was much more respectable)—and so, like Mr. Turner, I got entangled in a chain that has no end and will have no end while pictures are still painted.

Nobody who is keenly interested in one picture or one painter need despair of properly appreciating one day the world's masterpieces if he will follow the line indicated by Mr. Turner. But to progress there is one precept he must never forget:

"*The method of comparison must be unremittingly practised.*"

These golden words should be graved over the entrance to every art gallery.

I very much doubt if anybody who disliked sculpture could be got to like it by reading Mr. Kineton Parkes's "Sculpture of To-day."* But to the person who is already interested in the subject it is a mine of information as to the birth, upbringing and achievements of contemporary sculptors. Herein you will discover when Sir Thomas Brock and Sir Hamo Thornycroft were born and when they entered the Royal Academy; what Mr. Drury and Mr. Frank Lynn-Jenkins have done; who was the father of Paul Montford; what classes Jean Milne attended; and an enormous quantity of equally stimulating and fascinating instruction. The work is nobly planned. It is to be in two volumes, and in this first volume the sculptors of Great Britain and Ireland, of America and the Dominions, of Japan and South America are exhaustively treated. Everybody you can think of is here; even Epstein and Eric Gill are mentioned, though the author appears unable to perceive the significance of the former's "Rock Drill."

Both books are illustrated, and by unremitting practice of the method of comparison, even more can be learnt from the illustrations in Mr. Kineton Parkes's first volume, than from those in Mr. Turner's work.

FRANK RUTTER.

* "The Appreciation of Painting." By Percy Moore Turner. 15s. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Sculpture of To-Day." Vol. I. By Kineton Parkes. 25s. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. GAY.*

With something of Goldsmith's humour; much of his simple, attractive, appealing personality, and apparently all his carelessness in business matters, Gay nevertheless died leaving a respectable sum of money behind him. He was a lesser man, as he was a lesser genius. He lacked the sturdy independence of character with which Goldsmith toiled for the booksellers and fought for his own hand in Grub Street; he wanted an easy life and was always touting for the patronage of the great and relying on the support of his more successful friends. All the same, as Mr. Melville says in this admirable "Life and Letters of John Gay," the devotion that Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and others showed to him after he was dead no less than while he lived would seem to put it beyond question that he must have been "a very lovable creature."

And Fame has been as kind to him, as unfailingly assiduous in his interests, as his friends were. None but the literary student reads his poems now. "Trivia" survives after a fashion, not by virtue of any poetical qualities, but because it so vividly preserves something of the outdoor life of the London of his day. But what does the public at large know of his "Rural Sports," "The Shepherd's Week" and the rest of his verse—even of the "Fables"? His plays were either unsuccessful or had a very ephemeral vogue, with the exception of "The Beggar's Opera," which scored a phenomenal success on its first production, was successfully revived at intervals afterwards, but seemed at last to have passed into the limbo of things that are talked of occasionally but no more seen, when it was revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, over a year ago and is having a far longer run than it ever enjoyed before. The political allusions in it that helped towards its first popularity count for nothing now; the types of highwaymen, thieves and thief-takers who serve as its characters have ceased to exist; the Newgate Prison that supplies its background and atmosphere has been demolished and rebuilt, but as a prison no longer remains; all the topical interest that counted for so much has gone out of it; yet in spite of these disadvantages the play is no sooner put on the stage again than it proves as fresh as ever and reasserts all its first charm over an audience. Fortunately for Gay, whatever else has changed, human nature has remained the same, and his gibes at the dishonesty, hypocrisy, artificiality, injustice of our social manners, customs and laws are as true as ever, and again and again hit the state of affairs prevailing among us at this hour with surprising accuracy.

As Mr. Melville reminds us, it was Swift who suggested to Gay that he should try his hand at a sort of Newgate pastoral, and so it was one of his friends who helped him to immortality, as all his friends were always ready and willing to help him in his everyday concerns. For the moment he is again more in the public eye than either of his greater contemporaries Swift and Pope, and it has been found worth while to publish his biography and to issue a beautifully produced new edition of his opera, with eight colour plates and numerous decorations by Claud Lovat Fraser, who designed the scenes and costumes for the Hammersmith production.

In spite of his weaknesses, perhaps because of them, it is abundantly clear from Mr. Lewis Melville's "Life" that Gay was an interesting as well as a likeable person. Mr. Melville has done his work carefully and well; he has not concerned himself so much with criticism as with telling the story of Gay's career and, from his letters, the letters of his friends, from a narration of his doings and anecdotes about him, recreating the character of the man. Its timeliness is the least of its merits; it is a capable and satisfying biography, and tells us all we are ever likely to know of Gay, and all we need to know.

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his art by Mr. John Drinkwater; seldom has any man been so happy as to call from one who knew him so lofty and so moving a tribute. I have other editions of "The Beggar's Opera," but none which can compare artistically or has the completeness of this, which supplies the music to each song, and in its binding and in the beauty and quaintness of its illustration and decoration is in such exquisite harmony with the bygone age to which it belongs.

F. H.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK.*

In "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" Miss Sinclair has given us a study of a country gentleman who did his best according to his lights, but whose lights were of the farthing dip sort—an isle of radiance in an ocean of night. He is, indeed, one of those whose development has been checked by the conditions resulting from the inheritance of money; and at over fifty is still a youth hardly out of his teens. The poor fellow has the feelings and also the energy of youth, but cannot find appropriate outlets for either. An average sensual man, dull-witted but well-meaning, he would in other circumstances have made good; but being Mr. Waddington of the Manor House, with nothing particular to do and all day to do it in, he cuts a pitiable figure. What makes our feeling for him more acute is the fact that while he is of an old-fashioned type—a type that is passing—he is surrounded by people of a more modern kind. His wife Fanny, her cousin Ralph Bevan, the young secretary-companion Barbara Madden, even that lively lady Elise Levitt, are far cleverer than he. They serve indeed to show up the simplicity of his mind and nature.

Mr. Waddington is the sort of man who makes love indiscriminately to every attractive woman that he meets. Dissatisfied with his home life—for his wife had married him because he was the only man "available . . . and her people were badly off"—he seeks distraction in the society of an extravagant woman, who tolerates him for the sake of the money it brings her. The scene with her, in which after a little playing at cross-purposes, he makes plain the condition on which alone he will advance the five hundred pounds of which she stands in need, is the best in the book. Mr. Waddington's hopes and their dashing, the recovery of his dignity, his final lapse into childish fear and childish behaviour, is a piece of excellent work. So is the scene in which Barbara routs this same lady when she tries to blackmail him; but it is difficult to believe Waddington would not have realised that Barbara was in love with Bevan. His heart was comfortably large and no doubt he was tired of the egregious Fanny, but he could hardly have missed the fact that the young people were always together and on terms of considerable intimacy.

Mrs. Waddington has "a merry devil" somewhere in her which is amused "at her husband's expense." She is aware of the secretary-companion's "amusement and condones it." Her son draws "other people's attention" to the fact that his father is "making a fool of himself," and these are the people with whom poor Waddington has to live. No wonder that in the end he takes refuge from them with his handsome old mother:

"... Dark eyes still brilliant in her white Roman face, a small, imperious face, yet soft, soft in its network of fine grooves and pittings. An exquisite old lady in a black satin gown and white embroidered shawl, with a white Chantilly scarf binding rolled masses of white hair."

Fanny says, "He's going back to his mother to be made young again," but Mr. Waddington is eternally young. He has only made good his escape from the disloyalty of the minds about him, and returned to that simple, understanding love which is the only one that life has given him.

Some of the landscape descriptions in this book make one feel that Miss Sinclair comes the nearest of all now writing to Richard Jefferies in her feeling for nature:

"She stared out abstractedly at the eastern valley, the delicate green cornfields and pink fallows, the muffling of dim trees, all washed in the pale eastern blue, rolling out and up to the blue ridge."

* "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." By May Sinclair. 6s. 6d. (Cassell.)

E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Such passages suggest that some day we may really have that "Ramblings through the Cotswolds" of which she talks in "Mr. Waddington of Wyck."

D. S.

JACOB'S LADDER.*

There are not many novelists who have the facility and the excellent style of Mr. Oppenheim—facility in devising a good plot, and style in the telling; it is a combination which ensures the pleasure not only of readers who simply want an interesting story, but of those who demand that it shall pass a more or less severe critical test before they can "enjoy" it. "Jacob" is a finely conceived character; after a period of eclipse, owing to his own good-nature in backing up a speculative brother, he recovers his lost prestige by the fact that this brother's investments take a turn for the better—in short, he becomes a millionaire. He then devotes himself to adventure; but not in the usually accepted manner. He takes an office in London, and there, as he informs his friend and secretary Dauncey, the fly awaits the approach of the spiders—the people whose one idea is to get some of his cash and give nothing in return. It is an original notion, and we congratulate the author on the admirable and amusing way in which he works it out. Jacob Pratt wins all along the line; he is just as astute as the motley set who try to "rush" him, and some of the situations are very laughable, particularly the account of his imprisonment in a Scottish keep and the frustration of his enemies by a charming girl. Needless to say there are ladies in the story, and with great skill Mr. Oppenheim makes them necessary to the development of his tale, not mere figures introduced for the sake of a "love-interest." The present writer, inured to novels, did not drop this one until it was finished; and that this is an exceptionally clever novel will be the verdict of all.

W. L. R.

STORIES BY LAFCADIO HEARN.†

Apart from the intrinsic value of this volume—a value properly honoured by the excellent form of the series to which the book belongs—it suggests reflections upon its author's work which it would need a good deal of space to

* "Jacob's Ladder." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Karma, and Other Stories." By Lafcadio Hearn. 5s. (Harrap.)

record and consider. That is to say, it is a representative volume. For a while Lafcadio Hearn's numerous and varied books attracted so much attention that his reputation was threatened by a cult; and when that insidious danger had passed, his due recognition also began to fail and other lights were announced for admiration. The exoticism which had been a chief attraction came to be accounted a chief defect, until even the remoteness of his subject lost its charm for English readers. They were no longer thrilled to learn how many times a gorgeous prose picture had been repainted before its final sumptuousness was attained; nor could the strangeness which still invested the writer's personality retain the interest of a swift-footed generation.

Yet Lafcadio Hearn's is not a negligible figure, and the publication of this volume of hitherto uncollected stories and essays is a reminder of the extent of his activity and the beauty of his best work. It is not a solitary reminder, for within the last twelve months we have received a large volume containing the substance of lectures delivered by Hearn at Tokio. These lectures were taken down as Hearn delivered them—slowly and carefully delivered them to students but dimly acquainted with the richness of English literature; and the simplicity, the clearness, the fullness and the faithfulness with which he sought to bestow on his patient Orientals an impossible familiarity with the work of an alien imagination, provoke admiration. It was an astonishing, a pathetic attempt, the courage of which can only be guessed by ourselves, to whom that literature is traditionally familiar. "Karma" is a far different book, written mainly in the elaborate style by which Hearn is best known; but it bears echoes and hints of certain English writers as clearly as many of his other stories. The first story or study, from which the volume receives its title, recalls no less a writer than De Quincey, for it is an ardent attempt in that manner of impassioned prose to which Hearn only too lightly yielded himself. It is morbid and its interest is slight; the editor of the volume regards it as shadowing his own experience, but for most readers it will probably seem a mere allegory, wanting the circumstantial narration which is needed to make it either an imaginative or a reminiscent story of fact. The trick of apostrophe, by which chiefly the recollection of De Quincey is prompted, only serves to heighten the sense of unreality.

Far more beautiful is the study called "The First Muezzin," in which Hearn's mind is at work upon the notes of the reiterated call to prayer from minaret to minaret of Moslem cities. Where the prose is simple it is felicitous: "Nothing is left us but the privilege of a theory"; and where it is elaborate (as if the echoes of that solemnity were still faintly heard), it is a thing of beauty:

> "And still there is a pathetic and beautiful solemnity in the other and simpler chant, whose singular cadences seem to hold a pious intimation of the suggestion of the duty of worship, eternally beginning, yet never terminating—of the prayer that may indeed be suspended, yet never finished—of the adoration that may pause yet never end not even when the last muezzin shall have uttered the last call to prayer, and the last mosque shall have closed its gates for ever, and the spider shall weave her ghostly tapestries unmolested, within the deserted sanctuary of the Kaaba."

Of his simplest charm two or three examples are happily shown in stories for children, which children will read not because they are well written but because they are *stories*. And I am left wondering whether Lafcadio may not be longer remembered for his simpler inventions and pure impressions of sense, than for those eloquent, dithyrambic passages which extend without enhancing such a story as "Karma."

JOHN FREEMAN.

SCOTTISH NATIONALITY.*

Professor Terry's book whets our interest from its first page. The frontispiece is a hitherto unpublished portrait of James the Fifth. And a posthumous dedication to

* "A History of Scotland from the Roman Evacuation to the Disruption, 1843." By Charles Sanford Terry, Litt.D. 20s. net. (Cambridge Press.)—"Domestic Life in Scotland, 1488–1688." By John Warrack. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

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that prince of Scottish historians, John Hill Burton, sometime Historiographer-Royal, is touching and appropriate. Having perused the more than seven hundred closely-printed pages into which the work has been compiled, it is comparatively easy to pronounce an opinion. This is one of the best-digested and most readable histories of Scotland that has appeared. Such indeed was to be expected from the pen of a researcher so indefatigable, so painstaking and particular as Professor Terry is.

Dr. Terry indicates that his object is to establish a sort of midway position between the larger-scale histories and the school textbooks. But the volume before us can scarcely be described as "small-scale." On a single page there can be counted 320 words, making for the entire book a total of at least 200,000 words, not including forty-four pages of pedigree tables and a copious index extending to twenty-four pages. Anything but "small-scale"! The writer commences with the Roman Occupation—a mere episode, to be sure, though lasting upwards of three hundred years, but as to which we know surprisingly little. Probably the most illuminating essay on the subject is Mr. Curle's account of the excavations at Newstead, under the shadow of the Eildons, where the Romans had a considerable station. The Roman legionaries, however, effected nothing in the true making of Scotland. It was firstly the Christian missions of Ninian and Columba, followed by the conquests of Kenneth MacAlpin, which laid the foundations of the Kingdom of Scotland. Consolidation assumed shape and exhibited potency under Duncan I—Shakespeare's "gentle Duncan"—and between the reigns of David, the Sair Sanct, and Alexander III, the moulding process was continued and the ethnic composition of the country completed. Professor Terry tackles the period of the Contested Succession, following upon Alexander's tragic end, with no small charm of manner and style, but his account of those two great national heroes, Wallace and Bruce, is somewhat stinted and disappointing. To Bannockburn there is allotted only a line or two. The chapters on the early Stewarts and the Jameses are more elaborate, but Flodden, again, is summed up in half a dozen sentences. Killiecrankie is treated as scurvily, if one may use the word, and this from our greatest Claverhouse exponent! These are the chief sins in a book which contains, by way of compensation, let us hope, a wholly excellent narration of the Reformation and Revolution epochs. The historian emulates the lines which Scotsmen love, and though he is a Southron (possibly also an Episcopalian) there is nothing to cavil at from a Northerner's point of view over those matters which more than any other evoke controversy on both sides of the Tweed. He is conspicuously fair and unprejudiced as regards the problem of Queen Mary, for instance, or when analysing the causes and consequences of the most momentous spiritual struggle almost any nation has seen. For some, the finest part of the work will be its penultimate chapter, concerned with the brilliant Renaissance when the stupidity of the Forty-Five had passed. Professor Terry is well acquainted with the social and literary landmarks of his adopted country, nor is he less intimate with its later religious annals. It is not seldom a difficult matter to convey to an Englishman some understanding of Scotland's intricate and manifolded sectarianism. But Dr. Terry has wrestled with it and prevailed—so much so that his optimism leads him to prophesy the projected Presbyterian Union as "imminent." A truly admirable account this is, and worthy to stand alongside any of its predecessors. Mistakes in the matter of dates, it should be said, and in the spelling of proper names, are practically non-existent—a feat in itself! At page 586, however, Lady Grizel Baillie should be Lady Grisell Baillie. Her family were sentimental (needlessly) over that form of the name.

The department of Scottish domesticity hardly comes within Professor Terry's purview. Mr. Warrack's brief but well-packed survey fills a niche which a more considerable volume might well have occupied. For the theme is still possible of exploration—an unreaped field from which more can and must be gleaned. Meantime these Rhind Lectures are extraordinarily fascinating. Within the compass of slightly over 200 pages the lecturer has brought together a remarkable variety of illustrative information as to the furniture and fittings, the customs and fashions, of mediæval Scottish life in town and country and among different ranks of society. It is curious to find that even up to the seventeenth century such a sensible thing as a household chair was unknown. Hats were worn at meals, the common fork had not been invented, and food picked from the general dish was raised to the mouth with the fingers. Worse still, we are informed that water was no part of the morning toilet. The sense of cleanliness was not unfelt, however. "Soft serviettis to make their handis clene" and basins of water were seldom wanting in the better-class houses. Mr. Warrack's resuscitation of a Scottish castle interior towards the end of the fifteenth century and his delightful and revealing word-pictures of the grandeur and wealth of some of the Pre-Reformation manses (that of Stobo is given as illustration—itself a parish in Peeblesshire, but having a manse in the Drygate of Glasgow) helps us to understand the meaning—and the incubus—of a feudality long and happily dead, as well as the uprising of the commonalty against a Church—or religious system—whose fondness of ease and luxury hardly made it a fit vehicle and exponent of the teaching of Him who was the lowly Nazarene. It is impossible to give quotations, though this is a book which richly lends itself to quotation. On every page we come across the unusual and the noteworthy, often something to smile over, but, not least, to thank one's star for the better fate which is ours. Sixteen illustrations add greatly to the interest of a fresh and stimulating contribution to archæology.

W. S. CROCKETT.

AN EGOIST.*

There are only three characters of any importance in this novel. The title is derived from the name of the hero's first wife, who is dead before the story begins. From this the reader will correctly surmise that the interest of the novel does not centre in the plot, but in psychological analysis and irony. The novels of the season have already given us several outstanding studies of egotism, and it goes without saying that the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" was certain to acquit herself with distinction in an exercise of this kind. She approaches her task with something like gusto, and long before she has finished with her victim we are filled with a desire of being present at his lynching. From this point of view the book is undeniably successful. It is only in retrospect that we can give free rein to the obstinate questionings that beset us occasionally when we read the book. The most obstinate and important questioning is whether in Everard Wemyss we have a real human being or only a personified "humour."

The egotism of Wemyss is of the crudest variety. For him life has no subtleties. There are only two ways in everything, the right and the wrong, and Wemyss is never wrong. So it is his mission and his hobby to keep other people right, and it is his misfortune constantly to be misunderstood. Vera had misunderstood him, and after fifteen years of marriage with him had been glad to fall from an upper window. The jury too had misunderstood him and had returned an open verdict. It was while smarting under this unjust misunderstanding that Wemyss met Lucy Entwhistle, who was mourning the sudden death of her scholarly father. The sentimental stockbroker felt that fate had drawn two wounded hearts together, and before many weeks after her death Vera was succeeded by Lucy. The story is concerned with the subjugation of Lucy to the Wemyss standard. Savage obstinacy, colossal conceit, fatuous vanity, absolute illiteracy and great physical attractiveness are the chief features of Wemyss.

* "Vera." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"He was like a great cross schoolboy . . . but unfortunately a schoolboy with power." That is the accurate diagnosis of Lucy's Aunt Dot, whom he turns out of his house unceremoniously because she ventured on a word of criticism. There is no curtain to a story of this kind. We take leave of Lucy while she is partly disillusioned but is still under the spell of the egoist's physical charm. The title of the book is sufficient omen of the future, no less than the aunt's caustic warning that Lucy's endurance is not likely to extend to fifteen years.

There are many finely written scenes and episodes, some of which reach a high level of comedy. But on the whole there is not much of comedy for us. It is a single-eyed and mordant study of a hateful and contemptible personality. The portrait lacks shading, but there is no doubt as to its vigour of conception and skill in execution. The author writes as if with an intense and withering contempt.

MEN AND MARVELS.*

The art of the short sketch, half essay, half story, is one in which failure is very easy; like blank verse, it looks perfectly simple and extremely tempting to the novice, but has unsuspected difficulties of its own. One may drop from the essay into moralising and come perilously near a sermon, or may indulge in humorous interludes until the story loses character and coherence. The author of "Men and Marvels" being, as we gather from internal evidence, a parson, steers clear of both of these rocky shores and navigates his ship of stars through the fairway in a manner which shows him experienced and skilful.

His material is often of the slightest, but that is exactly what tests him as a writer. It is easier to tie a knot in a rope than in a thread of gossamer; easier to hammer out a plot with plenty of action than to portray a state of mind or a mood. Take the little twenty-page picture, for instance, entitled "The Recovered Eden"; we have a kindly young curate whose views are in a condition of flux, and who is taking a short holiday to think out his position; his landlady's blind child, a rough but sensitive boy with a kind of private inward life and vision, who talks of a garden with trees and flowers which brought him, somehow, mystical comfort. The curates writes resigning his priesthood; the boy, sent out to post the letter, is run over. As a direct result, the curate tears the unposted letter up and, we are left to assume, carnes on his work. Such a hard outline does injustice to a story which is all in soft, tender half-tones and suggestions and inferences; but it is given as an indication of the author's choice of theme. The talk of the dying boy is natural and unstrained, and it is this which changes the outlook of the listener. A very delicate touch is needed to save so frail a story from disaster, and that it survives a critical though not unsympathetic reading without a hint of reproach is sufficient praise.

The mystical note sounds in several of the little sketches, or tiny harmonies, of this book; not always with such purity, but never with any sense of discord. There is a story—or rather one might call it an impression, a memory—of the trenches, mysterious and full of subtle significances, haunting in its beauty and yet containing not a word of "gush" or overdone sentiment; and another entitled "A Prophet in the Ranks," which tells of a Scottish religious enthusiast under fire—tragic, but not without a leaven of grim humour. And the theme of more than one is that mood of bewilderment which overtakes all enthusiasts, when the dark deeps of doubt overwhelm them and they ask themselves miserably, "Am I doing right? Am I true to my calling and my charge?" In presenting these psychological tangles, without too confidently unravelling them and thereby weakening his work, the author claims our admiration for his artistry and compels faith in his sincerity.

* "Men and Marvels." By H. J. Boyd. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

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ADAH ISAACS MENKEN: A SAPPHO OF THE CIRCUS?

"When I am lying in my silent shroud, will you love me?
When I am buried down in the cold, wet earth, will you grieve that you did not save me?
Will your tears reach my pale face through all the withered leaves that will heap themselves upon my grave?
Will you repent that you loosened your arms to let me fall so deep, and so far out of sight?
Will you come and tell me so, when the coffin has shut out the storm?

Answer me—
Oh, answer me!"

Was she a beautiful mind or was she a mere tawdry incident, a wanton with a pretty face, a fine figure and a weakness for dabbling in doggerel and leading literary men astray? The mystery of Adah Isaacs Menken has now had another tribute paid to it. This arrives in the shape of one of Mr. Richard Northcott's always valuable "monographs," issued by the Press Printers (5s. net), and decked with old photographs of Menken, now with her arms round Dumas *père's* neck, now gazing at the youthful Swinburne, now in theatrical costume—or lack of it!

In a way it was unfortunate that Menken's life was in itself so full of "glamour." There are too many people who still remember the Swinburne scandal, and her appearance at Astley's upon the "fiery, untamed steed" as "the female Mazeppa," not to mention her disastrous marriage with Heenan, "the Benicia Boy." Probably we shall have to wait until all this is forgotten for any fair decision upon Adah's claims to being "the Sappho of the circus." To me there are lines in some of those free-verse poems of hers—her mastery of the mode itself was by no means negligible—that betray the truest imaginative power. It was small in itself, but perfectly fitted to what was to be expressed out of that "sad, bad, mad" life of hers. As William Rossetti very well said, in including four of her poems in his American anthology, they "express a life of much passion, and not a little aspiration, a life deeply sensible of loss, self-baffled, and mixing the wail of humiliation with that of indignation—like the remnants of a defeated army, hotly pursued."

Yet the woman who earned this excellent piece of criticism—and Mr. Northcott clinches the proof that the poems were her own—had attributes vulgar enough in all conscience! In Mr. Northcott's little book one may read how the last of her four husbands, James Paul Barclay, the New York stockbroker, after she had squandered thirty thousand pounds of his money, was found dead within two months—penniless. There seems to be no doubt that her own poverty-stricken death in Paris, at thirty-three, had been prepared for by habitual orgies of drink and degradation.

There must have been a better side. One need not grant virtue to Swinburne's confessed "Dolores," or even to the admired friend of Dickens. Indeed, to attempt to whitewash a notorious "bad lot" like Menken would be merely laughable. But poor John Thompson, who was Swinburne's private secretary and "worshipped the ground she trod," must have had some reason for calling her "the noblest as well as the most gifted woman I have ever known."

As the grossness fades away with time, both in her life and in her poems one reads a story of wounded passionateness turned to morbid self-pity. Probably the "romance" of her life was in reality a product of temperament. She hungered for fame and adventure, and she got it! Dolores Adios McCord, the Irish-Creole beauty of Louisiana, might quite obviously have remained all her life the obscure but happy wife of her first husband, an excellent Jew, whose name she took, and in whose honour she chose to be buried as a Jewess, with "Thou knowest!" on her grave. Instead, she was destined to become known as a "sensationally" indecent circus-rider, as the subject of three other unhappy marriages, as the companion of some distinguished writers' indiscreet hours, and as something of a scribbler. The sordid irony of it! But there are scraps of real poetry which tell us that she would not now have chosen otherwise.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

FOUR FINGERS AND A THUMB.*

When the books come from the library we look at them with the eager hope that under the bright wrappers may be one that will feed our secret need. As we read, instinctively we separate them into the big heap of novels, the tiny one of—books. The former are like sweets, pleasant trifles for in-between times, but the latter are sustaining food. When the dark mood is on and we are wondering why the little bit of happiness—which would have put us in accord with spring and the arch of heaven and the tumultuous seas—has been withheld, it is to them that we turn for understanding and stimulus. Here are minds which have felt as we feel, which have known joy and sorrow, which have lived. Here for every lonely spirit is a friend.

Of these five stories, "The Sleeping Fire," "Breaking Covert," "Garth" and "The Heretic" fall into the first category. They have been written for our amusement, they are the ephemeral literature of the day; and of the four "The Heretic" alone makes any greater claim.

This carefully-written book should enjoy an honourable success. Mr. Whitham's English is racy and of the soil, but he lacks the power to make the story tell itself. He narrates it; he describes instead of letting us appraise his characters for ourselves. In other words his work lacks that fusion which is creative. Nevertheless he talks of interesting matters. The story is concerned with a young man who, having manipulative ability, chooses to be a bone-setter rather than pass the examinations necessary to make him a doctor. Anyone who has considered the curriculum of the universities will not wonder. A man may have the surgeon's hand and brain, may be an instinctive psychologist, and yet no good at languages or mathematics. If, however, he cannot matriculate in these subjects he must not hope to take a medical degree. In drawing attention to this survival from a less practical age, a survival which has resulted in psycho-analysts as well as surgeons practising without the leave of the Faculty, Mr. Mills Witham has done good work.

"The Sleeping Fire" is a pleasant book which is written round the usual storm in a teacup and is full of improbabilities. The heroine goes to a ball, where she is kissed by—and, alas, kisses—a young man whose "whole gait and bearing proclaimed him an officer in the Guards." On the discovery by her good husband of this lapse, he turns her out of the home her wicked conduct has defiled; and, without being much disturbed at having to leave him and her children, she begins a lively, adventurous life in English hotels, a life which grows more hectic when she goes abroad. She dines with Counts, and men whom the typical novelist's Duchess tells her "are rotten—through and through!" They inveigle her into their bedrooms, but she drives "her

* "The Sleeping Fire." By W. E. B. Henderson. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Breaking Covert." By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards.)—"Garth." By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. (Leonard Parsons.)—"The Heretic." By J. Mills Whitham. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Swing of the Pendulum." By Adriana Spadoni. (Hutchinson.)

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right fist full into his face." She is really an unlucky woman, for when she kissed her Guardsman the guests of the ball turned up in time to be thoroughly shocked; and when she ventures on her next kiss her husband, who has followed her to France to see if she is behaving better, comes into the room. When the poor creature turns she discovers Matthew "standing motionless with his back to the closed door." This time he keeps his temper and merely alludes to her unfortunately public kisses as "this tendency of yours," and they talk it over frankly. In spite of a good deal of this sort of nonsense the book is cheery and vital and has an atmosphere of good sense.

In publishers' puffs all books are "remarkable"; but Mrs. Arnold's "Garth" is in truth an interesting if somewhat sentimental yarn. The approach is slow, with a chapter to describe the house, another the guests, a third to introduce them—such nice, ordinary people—but at last we are all aboard, the whip cracks and we are off on a series of exciting adventures; in fact there is sufficient of them to more than make up for the leisurely start. "Garth" is a novel of incident rather than of psychology, and with its poachers, slave-dealers and deserters, will keep the reader, who enjoys this sort of story, absorbed. The idea of the monastic cellars under an eighteenth-century house is original and interesting.

Having assured us in the first section of the first chapter of "Breaking Covert" that it is a book about mediocrities, for mediocrities, Mr. Mais proceeds to justify his words by giving us a cheerfully vulgar extravaganza. The characterisation, especially of the women, is so slight that it is difficult to distinguish one of the girls from the others. They are there to provide opportunities for this sort of thing—"Our lips met and my eyes drank up the pools of love that lay in hers." The scene is laid in Lincolnshire and, given the subject—that of a profiteer trying to make friends with what remains of the county—the book cannot avoid a certain atmosphere of snobbishness. Nor has the schoolmaster been altogether eliminated. Compressed information, such as that given in Chapter IV, would be right for a lesson-book or encyclopædia, but is out of place in a novel. Mr. Mais is hard-working and conscientious; his English is on the whole praiseworthy, though with occasional slips—as when he talks of "riding Scarletta in pink"—and his detail has been elaborated with some care. If "Breaking Covert" succeeds in amusing it will no doubt have fulfilled the purpose of its being.

In a different class from any of the foregoing is "The Swing of the Pendulum." After these four light novels chance has brought us that wonderful product of the human mind—a book that is in touch with reality. The story of Jean Herrick, the girl who married, as so many do, because marriage is the natural result of adolescence, who acted throughout her life simply and naturally, is one on which—with a touch of respect—one can congratulate the author.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

SIX WHO SING.

As one is increasingly aware of the infection of formlessness rife in the world of poetry, the pleasure produced by verse obedient to prosodial law tends to become more emphatic. True, a work so full of inspiration as "Spoon River Anthology" might persuade one, ignorant of the flexibility of language, that artistic truth in rags looks truer than a truth *tirée à quatre épingles*, but Mr. Kenelm Foss's brilliant "Dead Pierrot" tells a different tale, and the "Jericho Street" [1] of Mr. Wallace B. Nichols is another proof that metrical harmony is compatible with brevity and naturalness. Mr. Nichols takes us to a street and, like another Asmodeus, enables us to see its tenants from the inside. Doctor, priest, demure prostitute, starveling clerk, mutinous flapper, demagogue, slavey, sparring spouses, and even (in the poet's conscientious passion for variety) a self-complacent conjucide reveal themselves to the curious reader. Here is a portrait worth reams of "official" biography:

> "When evening comes she sits and sews,
> And what she dreams, or thinks, none knows.
> Once she was young, once she was wooed,
> But the end is shabby spinsterhood;
> None probes what wound within her burns.
> Her mending done, she snips her ferns,
> Then waters them, and wipes their fronds,
> And mutters of pawned diamonds.
> Her wigged head has begun to nod;
> And she bears malice unto God."

When Mr. Nichols withdraws himself from the pressure and influence of fact and human laughter he is not only able to sing superbly but unwittingly to supply material for those who gird at poetry as the language of affectation. In an astronomic-philosophic love-poem of exalted eloquence the woman complains that

> "The booms and groynes of life are underpinned with sapture,"

and although like *Punch*, delighting in the possible rhyme to Galilee provided by the African chief Langalibalele, we exclaim, "O what a perfect rhyme to rapture!" we know uncomfortably that a better artist would have brought in the queer word before and not after the popular one which rhymes with it. The reader, however, must understand that "Jericho Street" is a book of vital interest and outstanding merit.

> "Let us become as Angels, taking wings
> Of their essential flame,"

sings Mr. Kitchin, [2] who also sings:

> "No mental process may refute
> The appetite's ontology."

His is a mind that flashes and peers; almost it is the mind of a magician who has half forgotten the wand which he has mislaid, yet complacently feels the deity within himself; but it is not a mind that has alienated itself entirely from the anxieties of the feeble or the piety of the suppliant. Revisiting battle-fields gave Mr. Kitchin pictures and thoughts for some sonnets, but his response to the melancholy appeal of Vimy, etc., is rather mechanical. There are some artists who require the gazetteer up to date and others who do not; he is one of the latter. He should check the impulse to set down every morbid freak of fancy (e.g., p. 31), and regard a trashy lyric like "The Balloon-Man" as a slight on the dignity of his Muse. His literary talent is considerable and should carry him far if he has a taste for spiritual exploration.

In the case of Mr. Eardley Dawson [3] we have a poet grafted on to a man of facts, who is candid about himself. The robust Tennyson would never have experienced, at a dinner with Mr. Dawson, the dreadful temptation to utter shocking improprieties which assailed and defeated him when in the company of Longfellow, that "most particularly pure" bard of genius. The Regency rhymer whose blood was "hot and laconic" would have got on very well with Mr. Dawson. His poems date from Anatolia, Mesopotamia, Constantinople, India, etc. Cruelty, lust, disease, filth, the sorcery of the East, the whips of starving sensuality, impassion him as spectator or experiencer. He does not minutely describe, but one feels that there is a cave in his memory which is a museum of horrors, while there is another cave too delightful for words. Like many nobly expatriated Englishmen he wishes he could make his nation more sensitive to the causes of disruption and decay, but

> ". . . will she never learn
> To leave behind æsthetics . . . ?"

is surely a very peculiar question to put to "inane old England." However, I do not doubt that Mr. Dawson's incisiveness and vividness will appeal favourably to the plain man. His book tingles with emotional life and creates a kind of remorse if one lingers long at its weak passages.

[1] "Jericho Street, and Selected Poems (1908–1921)." By Wallace B. Nichols. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

[2] "Winged Victory." By C. H. B. Kitchin. 5s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

[3] "Children of Circumstance." By A. J. Eardley Dawson. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

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One would feel the sting of that remorse particularly, I think, if one associated at all malignly praise of Mr. John Haines [4] with disparagement of Mr. Dawson. Mr. Haines is a nature poet who can admirably assume the manner of Arnold and Wordsworth. He is an excellent craftsman whose charm almost beguiles one into thinking that one has only to go out of doors to be in his England, where the "quaint" roads

> "Wind their arms round all the farms
> And flirt with every hill,"

instead of an England where the road, owing to its influence on taxation, is a kind of serpent devouring the substance of ratepayers, whose domiciles have been protected by the mercenary builder from any such embraces. Gloucestershire is Mr. Haines's "Paradise" and Cotsall is "fashioned" by God "as a bride," but he is aware of the visible horrors of "The Black Country," and the pathos of an old landmark scorned. He should avoid any trifling with poetic truth. For instance it was a mistake to belittle foxgloves as a rhetorical device for enhancing the effect of a stanza in which they are

> "A hundred thousand purple torches
> Lighting the forest gloom,"

for a solitary foxglove is a very beautiful object. Something might, perhaps, be done rhetorically with the appearance of a plantain after drought, because there is no herb which the eye is more apt to behold as prosaic in ordinary circumstances. Mr. Haines's humour is very pleasant. "Bradley Hill" is a poem of childhood wrought with the cunning simplicity of a master.

Mr. Bromley is another poet in love with Nature, and in "The Picture" [5] he runs the risk of seeming oblivious of the real world in which saints live, so keenly does he feel the contrast between the "pillared chamber, dimly lit" and the "sunny countryside." His versification is graceful and a quiet but intense love of romance shines and burns through his poems. The lovely things that bloom and fly are as it were a living Bible of his gentle deism, and his book can be cordially recommended to people who like a sense of joy just rescued from irony and of contentment won by sympathy.

In reading "The Child Dancer," [6] Miss Dorothy Roberts's little book, one is close to tears, but not hers. It breathes a deep love of beauty and a spirit of fellowship with many creatures besides men. She has a quaint, delightful humour which makes "The Thrush," though written in irregular prose, "a perfect duck" of a poem.

W. H. CHESSON.

Novel Notes.

QUIN. By Alice Hegan Rice. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Though quite a different style of book from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Mrs. Hegan Rice's latest story, "Quin," has many of the qualities that distinguished its famous predecessor. It has the same charm and sympathetic understanding; the same delicious humour; the same quaintness and originality. A man fighting against great odds is always an arresting theme; in Mrs. Hegan Rice's hands it becomes intensely absorbing. Quinby Graham, the hero of the tale, falls in love with a girl who is far above him socially. He battles desperately to educate himself up to her level, and to distract her from a youthfully romantic attachment to a worthless little army captain. Eleanor (for that is the girl's name) is hedged all round by her family—a fearsome old grandmother, aunts, uncles—and Quin seeks a way to break down this family barrier. He decides that the only way is to get to know, and to get into the good books of the "whole darn family." He sets to work.

> "Now if there is one thing Destiny admires in a man, it is his courage to defy her. She relentlessly crushes the supine spirit who acquiesces, but to him who snaps his fingers in her face she often extends a helping hand. In this case she did not make Quin wait until the morrow to begin his colossal undertaking. By means of a humble tack that lay in the way of the speeding automobile, she at once set in motion the series of events that were to determine his future life."

The old grandmother is wonderfully well drawn; she rules her family with a rod of iron, and any man with a whit less courage than Quin would have quailed before her and been compelled to give in. We follow Quin's long struggle with increasing interest, and are genuinely glad that it has a happy ending.

DAVID THE SON OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

That the Bible is full of excellent stories with quite exciting "plots" all will admit; whether it is advisable to take them from their familiar setting and re-write them in modern language is a matter of opinion. The transference has rarely been done with success, and we do not feel that Miss Strachey has succeeded in giving a convincing account of the life of David; partly because her choice of dialogue, intended to impart reality, spoils the effect. "Well," says Joab, "I must say we've had luck, David; and look at that pile of plunder—it'll build ten Ziklags the size of the one they burnt, and stock them with everything they want. But thank goodness here's something to eat—after that I shall sleep sound to-night." "Don't waste your anger in throwing stones at me," says David; "you'll want every ounce of strength to pursue these devils." And, speaking to Elihu, he says again, "Well, Elihu, you haven't given me the message yet." "Why, nor I have!" exclaimed Elihu; "fancy my forgetting that!" Our only surprise is that Elihu didn't say, "Neither I haven't, Dave, old man—search me!" Apart from this matter of dialogue—which quite possibly the author regards as her strong point—the story is good and well told, especially in the descriptive passages—the pages dealing with David's early life, and the general rise and progress of the shepherd boy to soldier and king. It does not profess to follow accurately the Bible narrative; Miss Strachey admits three sources—the Bible, the critics and her own imagination. "I have used whichever seemed to suit me best for each episode," she tells us, "and have sometimes blended all three together." Probably this is why "David ducked and jumped for the door" when Saul threw the javelin at him. It is curious how the modern language can go against the grain when employed thus in an ancient story; the reason, we suppose, is that the old tale has been ours from childhood in its unrivalled beauty of dignity. Pure prejudice on our part, perhaps; but there it is!

RENEWAL. By M. E. Francis. 8s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

"'What!' cried he. 'You, Hester, married—married when you came among us!' 'Wait, Robert! Let me speak,' insisted Margaret. 'She wasn't really married, I tell you, for the man had a wife already — and then, if she didn't go away at once—and, poor lass! she didn't—it was because he took an unfair advantage of her pitying heart. He was going into battle—he told her he felt he was going to be killed.'" These lines reveal the whole secret of Hester; they are the pith of the book. To the charming Dorset farm comes the girl, longing to forget her sad past. She arrives to work on the land, engaged by the sturdy, respectable young Dorset farmer, Robert Ford. Robert's mother, Margaret, is perhaps the most charming character in a singularly lucid and engrossing narrative. Even the wholly painful story of the coarse peasant girl, Jessie, whom dainty Hester longs to lift from the mire, fails to besmirch the pretty freshness of this highly conventional, skilfully-framed romance of Dorsetshire. Hester is left happy with her second and true love—the farmer, of course.

[4] "Poems." By John Haines. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)
[5] "The Picture, and Other Poems." By L. C. Bromley. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
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or a character very well. In fact description is at once his strength and his weakness. It is very much easier to describe characters than to show them in action, and descriptions of rooms and scenery clog the progress of a story unless they are very brilliant and rapid. "Trial By Ordeal" has a large number of absurd and impossible moments. The characters lecture each other and exchange hackneyed quotations and talk an enfeebled kind of spiritualism. But there is a description of a dance in a studio that is vivid and good and a good account also of a country cottage and garden with a voluble and incompetent servant. But Mr. Evan Morgan has a lot to learn about putting a book together and about describing women. His female characters recall nothing so much as an inexperienced actress who is experimenting with "make-up," and combines every blend of carmine and flesh colour on a small and crowded countenance.

The Bookman's Table.

MOROCCO THAT WAS. By Walter B. Harris. 25s. net. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Harris, the well-known correspondent of *The Times* in Morocco, has taken pains in this book to give a great deal of jam with the powder. What he does not know of the undercurrents of Moroccan politics and the mutual jealousy of certain European Powers is not worth knowing, but his chief purpose here seems to be to entertain us. We may, in fact, complain that he does so too assiduously, for the various Sultans whom he holds up before us appear to have had no traits, or scarcely any, that were not more or less ridiculous. This method, which Mr. Harris largely employs for the Moor as a whole, looking at him with the cold eye of an Englishman, is not the method of Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall and it is not the method of "Eothen." But this is to judge Mr. Harris by too high a standard; in his own domain, that of a well-informed correspondent, he sits at ease; he rolls out humorous and ghastly stories, and is wonderfully well acquainted with Morocco and its people. He has himself played no inconsiderable part in the modern history of that troubled country, having been the confidant of more than one Sultan. His advice to our own Foreign Office has been most valuable, and clearly he has been a *persona grata* to the French. On several occasions, notably in the matter of the torturing of the wife of the Governor of Fez, he has tirelessly and fearlessly fought for the right. He has given us here a book with many amusing pages, and admirable in its kind; let us be satisfied with that, and not ask for a book which some other writer would have given us.

JOHN PATRICK, 3rd MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T. A Memoir by the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Baronet, O.S.B. 18s. net. (John Murray.)

Could there be a greater anomaly than that presented by the birth into the British Peerage of such a man as the third Marquess of Bute? Here was a wealthy nobleman who never gave himself "a good time," who hated Society, field sports and the racecourse, who took religion so seriously that on a purely internal compulsion, he exchanged Anglicanism for Catholicism, and who, neglecting politics, wherein his position and abilities might have ensured him a prominent career, devoted his whole life to the prosecution of antiquarian, architectural and liturgical studies. A life so secluded, so uneventful, and yet so thoroughly satisfying to the man who led it, could not have been described with more sympathy and more fairness than Sir David Hunter Blair has brought to his task. Sir David, who is that *rara avis*, a Scottish baronet and a Benedictine abbot, magnifies neither his office nor his subject. His biography is planned quite on a modest scale, and his estimate of his dead friend is not unduly exalted. The result is that the reader peruses Sir David's narrative with real pleasure and gets to feel quite an admiration for the great gentleman and accomplished scholar whom he so charmingly commemorates.

THE DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO. Illustrated by Thomas Derrick. 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

To the good offices of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, or, we believe, primarily to the enterprise of Mr. John Camden Hotten, whose business passed subsequently into the hands of the larger firm, we owed many years ago what may be called the first popular English edition of Boccaccio's masterpiece, belonging to a series which included Rabelais and the "Droll Stories" of Balzac. "The Decameron" on that occasion was illustrated by a few designs of Stothard and Turner, not of much moment, however, if recollection serves us rightly through a vista of forty years. In the present case they have given us what is to all intents and purposes another popular edition, but illustrated after a very different manner. The anonymous translation is that which served its purpose previously. The reprint is altogether welcome for those who cannot afford and probably do not need a critical text. The twelve illustrations in colour by Mr. Thomas Derrick are in the manner of the great "entertainment," embodying suggestions of the grotesque and humorous. There is nothing in the world of letters which is like the hundred novels of Boccaccio, divided into those ten days during which the narrators of the collection met together in a "stately palace" two miles from the city of Florence, in the year of the Lord 1348, to be diverted from and escape if possible the great plague then raging in the city. Imitations followed, as we know, in Italy, France and elsewhere; but "The Decameron" is *sui generis*, like that other memorable work of the Sieur de Brantôme and his "gallant ladies" in the times of Henri III. The day of Boccaccio was also the day of Dante, and there were other stars in the firmament of Italy. It was a wonderful and entrancing period, about which much yet remains to be said—as to secret forces at work which brought forth public events in their season later on.

GIVE ME THE YOUNG. By Edmond Holmes. 3s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Holmes is here writing once more from the text he has made familiar—the failure of mechanical docility, the triumph of spontaneous idealism. He has nothing very new to say, but his message needs to be constantly re-delivered. Certain interested persons are always at work demanding that what they call "patriotism" should be taught in our schools—as if every school were not already a school of patriotism, as if loyalty to the nation (which the child cannot understand) were not born from loyalty to the school (which he does understand)! What these persons mean by "patriotism" is merely political submissiveness. The little boys of Lancashire must be taught (and if necessary forced) to grow up into good, quiet workmen, who will never strike against the kind masters God has set over them, chiefly because strikes are so annoying to the nice people who live in Lowndes Square. There is no need to argue about the effect of patriotism by numbers. Patriotism by numbers was in practice in Germany. Do we like the result? Was it even (on low grounds) successful? As Mr. Holmes points out, the late Benjamin Kidd solemnly drew attention to the squad-patriotism of Germany as one of the most remarkable facts ever known in history; but his disciples do not draw attention to the fact that the patriotic German navy mutinied and the patriotic German nation revolted! The British (unlessoned in patriotism) did neither. We don't want squad-drill in virtue here, and we hope that Mr. Holmes will go on repeating his lofty message of individual idealism.

MAN'S DESCENT FROM THE GODS, OR THE COMPLETE CASE AGAINST PROHIBITION. By Anthony M. Ludovici. 14s. net. (Heinemann.)

Are you a Promethean or a Dionysian? If you are a Prohibitionist you are a Promethean and a very sorry fellow; if you are an anti-Prohibitionist you are a Dionysian and one of the best. Such are the conclusions of Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici in this volume which, like so

many of Nietzsche's offspring, combines some startling and subversive thought with a great deal of drivelling and disagreeable puerility. Mr. Ludovici permits himself to indulge in bawling and name-calling, all of which may be the good manners of the superman but must be called very simply the bad manners of literature. Thus when we are told that "Thought . . . actually stooped so low as to include a Tennyson, a Carlyle and a John Stuart Mill among the aspirants to laurels," we are told no more than that the author writes like a cheap-jack. These nineteenth century people may be utterly unworthy of admiration; but exclamations about the "inanity" of "poor old Lyell" do not help us in the least to appreciate their defects. Mr. Ludovici's case put very briefly is this: Modern Byronic and Shelleyan sympathy with Prometheus is a gross misunderstanding of the story. The gods of Greek mythology were a superior race living amongst an inferior race—just as the gods in Wagner's "Ring" are shown to us living with, and making use of, the inferior giants and dwarfs. Prometheus, a bold, "inferior" person, stole fire from the superior race and, equipped with this terrible weapon, the inferior hordes destroyed the great race. Fire in the hands of the inferior race brought into existence the dreadful crime of cookery, Pandora's box being a stewpan or oven from which leaped out into the world all the loathsome diseases that now cripple it. To this world of suffering presently came a saviour—Dionysius—bringing the juice of the grape and the secret of fermented liquors. The Bacchic juices are the antidote to the poisons of Prometheus, and the world must keep its liquors or else return to the locusts and wild honey of the vanished great ones whose bones we know and call Cro-Magnon man. This thesis Mr. Ludovici develops in a very interesting and stimulating volume marred by the excesses we have mentioned.

A BOOK OF VERSE. By Mary Deane. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

One of the first lines in Mary Deane's book is

"Who adds to Nature only plays with fire."

This view the writer has kept modestly and reverently before her through all her verse. Such an attitude of mind, though not likely to produce great work, is at least a safeguard against the arrogance and assurance of the little-minded, and as such is most refreshing. Miss Deane's best mood is the lyric:

"She will dip her fingers deep in the pool
And bathe her face in the stream,
And the world may pass as if in a glass,
But she will follow the dream."

Miss Mary Deane.

This is excellent. There are of course technical errors in the book. Such are occasional inversions and the use of "so" as an emphatic. But these are immaterial compared with the writer's humility and common sense. To write a poem on Mary Pickford, as Miss Deane has done, might conceivably be bathos, but there is no insincerity about it, such as there would almost certainly be in a modern elegy on some Babylonish lady of long name and slight morals. We confess a great sympathy with the writer's sombre outlook on Armistice Day. Most folk appear to have celebrated the occasion by a fit of insanity, yet there were some who were compelled to turn from the tumult of the streets

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XUM

THE FRINGE OF IMMORTALITY. By Mary E. Monteith. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

This is a book dealing with the evidences for human survival of death, based largely on the writer's own experiences and including three articles reprinted from *The Nineteenth Century and After*. Miss Monteith writes attractively, and her combination of scholarship and practical knowledge gives the book a special claim to consideration, for the blend is not common in this particular subject. Her experiences in "automatic writing" are specially noticeable, as in the instance where her hand was guided to write a message directing her to go to a special house in a street unknown to her and assist a family who were in distress, the results justifying the mysterious instruction; or where a "discarnate personality," writing through her hand, in the character of guide, philosopher and friend, gave her much useful counsel. He desired her to write articles on her psychic experiences for the *Nineteenth Century*, assuring her that they would be accepted, which duly came to pass. There are of course many such cases on record nowadays, and although the cautious observer may hold his judgment in suspense as to the real explanation of these things in the psychological order, they at least answer Professor James's pragmatic test, by yielding substantial and satisfactory results. The chapter on "Telepathy as a Natural Means of Communication" is a useful contribution to a phase of mental science which bids fair to take its place in the recognised modes of communication between man and man in the future, supplementing, and perhaps even superseding at last, the mechanical methods of telegraphy. Many of the more critical minds, especially in the churches, who investigate psychical matters are much concerned about their religious and ethical values, and Miss Monteith takes due note of this phase of the subject in her chapter on Religion. One of the useful features of the book is that it takes account both of spiritual and psychical values, which are too often confused.

Music.

THE SONGS OF RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

By Rodney Bennett.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.**

TURNING to the record of the published vocal work of Vaughan Williams one finds two causes for surprise. The first is their fewness. Two pages include the whole, and of those two a large part is devoted to arrangements of folk-songs. Of original songs his average annual output for nineteen years works out at less than two—a regrettable moderation. The second is the narrow field from which he has chosen his lyrics. From Shakespeare—or Fletcher?—he takes one; from the other Elizabethans, nothing; from the Jacobean and Caroline lyrists, except George Herbert, nothing; from the poets of to-day, except Hardy and A. E. Housman, nothing. His selection is almost entirely confined to the Rossettis, William Barnes and R. L. Stevenson. Yet in spite of this curious limitation of number and range the list includes several of the most beautiful English songs of the century.

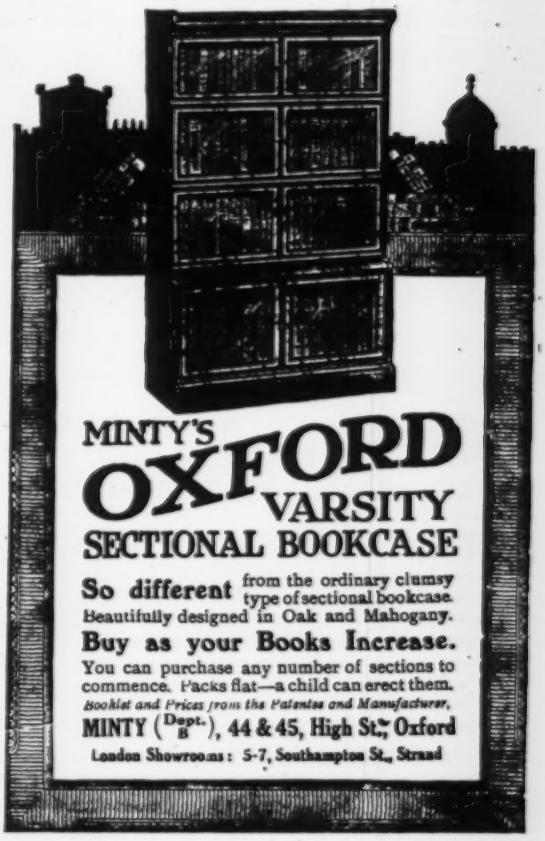
This fact admitted, it becomes all the harder to understand why only one of them—"Linden Lea"—is frequently heard upon popular platforms, and why scarcely more find their way into recital programmes, nor even into the private repertoires of intelligent singers. Certainly some of the earlier songs remain interred in the musical monthly, since defunct, in which they first appeared, together with some early instrumental work of Holst, in a startling environment of rosy-posy balladry; but these are not the best and can be left out of the inquiry. The "Five Mystical Songs," again, and the "Wenlock Edge" cycle are limited in their performable occasions because they require respectively choir and orchestra and string quartet. No such fortuitous restrictions apply to the remaining songs. It is probable that their limited appeal to singers is due to two causes, one technical and the other æsthetic. They are suited to comparatively few voices and they are so essentially simple as to be difficult, even to those few. Therefore they are passed by. So much the worse for singers and public.

The first assertion is the easier to sustain. Of Vaughan Williams's songs the majority are only suitable, either in words or character, to male singers, and of those more particularly to a rare class—the true baritones. For tenor voice and for the more common robust baritone and bass he has written little. Almost always the compass is small, but frequently within it so great a proportion of the vocal line lies in the upper half as to make the melody lie uncomfortably for the average voice. This difficulty, known to most singers but apparently to few composers, has probably limited the performance of more fine songs than any other. Another legitimate grievance of the singer is to be found in the strictly strophic form of many of the songs. In most cases this is artistically just, but in some it does produce an effect uncomfortable to the performer. The song does not march from beginning to end. It seems to fall into sections without cumulative interest. Each may be interesting and beautiful, but the whole is no more beautiful than the part. Why the singer should experience this sensation, so hard to explain but so easy to feel, in "Whither Must I Wander" and not in "Linden Lea" nor "Blackmwore by the Stour," I do not know; but the fact remains that the first song—I have purposely chosen obvious and simple examples—leaves him with the painful sensation of singing the same thing to the same tune three times over, with three fresh starts and three necessities to establish his atmosphere.

But the æsthetic difficulties are more general and

more subtle. The matter may be summed up, rather absurdly, in this way: Vaughan Williams's songs are less popular than they should be because they are so peculiarly beautiful and—to repeat—so disturbingly simple. They splendidly lack complexity, rhetoric, grandiosity, parade. Their great quality is their serene calm. Here again it is worth while to consider the difficulty from the most utilitarian standpoint—the standpoint of the singer who wants to grip the audience from the outset to the end. He has his faults, but he has instinct and his opinion often locates a peculiarity. His first feeling about these songs is that they lack broad emotional sweep. They are so reticent, so delicate. They are lacking in anything that he can grasp firmly. To put it grossly, they are not easily effective. He knows that they breathe beauty, real, palpable, exalting, but of a kind that is apt to slip from him suddenly, inexplicably, irrecoverably. They at once intrigue and annoy him because they are lovely and elusive—as elusive as the charm of Blake, a poet to whom it is surprising that the composer has devoted no music. He is in short confessing that they demand the highest capacities of the singer. In two words: they are never obvious and they are uniformly characteristic of an unusual and strangely unvarying personality.

This permanence of atmosphere is one of the most interesting things about Vaughan Williams's work. He seems to have found himself from the beginning. It is not necessary to divide the songs into groups. The early examples reflect the man as clearly as the later. They show the same restraint, the same power of penetrating to the heart of a lyric, the same structural simplicity and melodic strength, the same affinity to the spirit of English folk-song. Not one of the poems chosen is unworthy of the attention of a poet-musician, and very few of the settings are less than worthy of their subject. That essential rightness inspires so early a song as "Linden Lea." It is as direct and satisfying as a folk-song. It is no countrified song written from the townsman's point of view. The countryman is there; you feel his strength, his rooted love of the soil, his serene and unaggressive dignity, his inarticulate passion for his home, for growing things, for the richness of nature that is for him embodied in the apple tree that leans down low on Linden Lea. It is there in "Blackmwore by the Stour," a jolly, ample, richly humorous song that needs only to be heard to become widely popular. It is there—strange leap!—in the "Five Mystical Songs," particularly in the first, "Easter," and in the last, the still finer "Antiphon." It is there in the six songs, "On Wenlock Edge," in the unusually grandiose song from which the cycle takes its name, and in "Bredon Hill," one more setting of words that have probably been more often set than any others by a living poet. The reasons for their popularity are obvious. They express a complete drama in little, with a poignant climax and a conclusion that leaves the hearer questioning its exact drift. Above all there are the bells, so arresting, so descriptive, so dangerously enticing to easy imitative treatment. Here they do not get it. Instead there is a sense of space, the stretch of "coloured counties," the lark isolated in the broad lift of sky and, threading through sound and silence, the distant ringing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XUM

of bells, not of one peal but of many—beautiful, serene, callously insistent.

But if Vaughan Williams is to become widely known as a song writer it will probably be by the two volumes of "Songs of Travel," by the sturdy stoicism of "The Vagabond," the unsentimental pathos of "Bright is the Ring of Words," the fresh and winsome loveliness of "The Roadside Fire," the serene mysticism of "Youth and Love" and "The Infinite Shining Heavens" and, perhaps more than all, by "Silent Noon," unsurpassed among modern songs.

"Stravinsky," the third of Dr. Eaglefield Hull's articles, "Three Musical Innovators," will appear in the November BOOKMAN.

CERTAIN SONGS OF THE DAY.

Looking back upon the last five-and-twenty years, the lover of British music may note, upon the whole, an improvement. The commonplace song, words and music, is still commonplace, but not quite so cheap and tawdry as of yore. No longer are we offered the once inevitable "waltz refrain"—no more do dying children rise heavenwards in a blaze of arpeggios and heavy chords *fff*. There has grown up a class of song which did not appreciably exist in the *fin-de-siècle* period, as a branch of English art. The work of our best composers is of very high quality and distinction.

Unfortunately those songs always achieve the quickest success which are the stalest in melody and sentiment. The time-honoured phrase, derivative from a hundred reminiscences, is just as safe in song writing as the good old cliché situation in story-telling. With either of these the average person feels safe. He or she isn't called upon to experience perturbing new emotions. The mind is permeated by a restful acquiescence in the thing well known—perhaps the most deadly of all "dopes." Hence the familiar will always be the popular; and will assuredly pay far better than attempts at variety and sheer originality.

Yet when one comes across a song like Cyril Scott's "The Unforeseen,"[1] how admirable it is! The nobility of his music is invigorating: its psychological insight strangely subtle. Its virility threatens to swamp Mrs. Marriott Watson's wistful verses—yet ends by suffusing them with unexpected intensity of significance. Indeed the astonishing chord in the penultimate bar is almost overwhelming in its suggestion of grief. A thoughtful contralto or baritone could create a sort of furore with this song.

Another new work of Cyril Scott's is "Afterday,"[2] which, though nobody can challenge its artistry, is perhaps not on the level of "The Unforeseen." A composer is rarely at his best when setting his own words: and the lines

> "And from the glories of that goal *just borrow*
> One sacred ray,"

are curiously banal. But no audience, whether private or public, would carp at this minor detail: and so effective a song will never want an audience.

Cyril Scott's second-best is a long way ahead of many other people's best. One recognises, one appreciates their honest striving: yet too often it is "fundamental brain-work" that is missing. Take, for instance, "Life,"[3] by Ernest Austin. It is an attempt at better things, and not intended to tickle the ears of groundlings: Mrs. Barbauld's famous old poem is here set to resonant harmonies. The parsimony which allows only one note to each word may assist the declamatory effect—yet occasionally one recalls Walt Whitman's objection to "plain-sailing always," and longs for some vehement break, or some big *cantabile* passage. But the phrasing demands a complete overhaul: a heavy accent falling on *But, And, or, Through, 'Tis,* "*I* own to *me*," and, worst of all, *Per*-haps (!)—surely these are amazing inaccuracies? Yet a daring vocalist, by disregarding the accents as they stand, and treating the whole thing as a balanced recitative, might obtain an effect with "Life." The last bar is, to my thinking, too matter-of-fact: as though it were the old familiar workaday life which, encountered "in some brighter clime," should "bid one good morning." Somehow this bar suggests the smell of hot rolls, coffee, bacon, and the morning paper. Mr. Ernest Austin needed courage here, and a climax of chords in some extraneous key. . . . "Aspiration"[4] has been evidently concocted at the pianoforte, and noted down with a sublime disregard for such chromatic perils and pitfalls as alarm the unready amateur. There is here, again, a doling-out of one word per note, and a lot of sonorous chords to one ha'pennyworth of melody. Mr. Austin knows how to obtain an obvious vocal effect: but he obtains it by rather meretricious methods.

With "Requiem"[5] we come to a song of simple sentiment, non-committal in words, and decidedly pretty in its own way—which is the line of least resistance. "Sometimes I Seem to Hear You"[6] is another example of the same class—the perennial "safe card"—in easy keys and of small compass: saccharine in feeling: can be sung by either sex: runs smoothly under the voice. Has not one really novel or salient line in words or music. For all which reasons it will probably be popular. In Herbert Oliver's "O Mistress Mine,"[7] the verse has been subordinated to a reiterative figure in the pianoforte accompaniment, against which the not-very-distinguished melody tries to hold its own. This composition naturally challenges comparisons with innumerable other renderings of the same lovely lyric.

Last on our list, the amusing "Parodies"[8] of Mr. Herbert Hughes are comparatively a new departure. They are settings of familiar nursery rhymes, which poke gentle fun at composers ancient and modern by "taking off" their respective and unmistakable styles. Skill and humour are required for the interpretation of these clever *jeux d'esprit*: which, as this is Book II, are evidently winning a deserved success.

MAY BYRON.

[1] "The Unforeseen." Words by Rosamund Marriott Watson; music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)
[2] "Afterday." Words and music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)
[3] "Life." Words by Mrs. Barbauld; music by Ernest Austin. 2s. (Larway.)

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

A DAY AT THE FAIR. By Easthope Martin. (Enoch.)

Another delightful set of "Fair" songs, by Helen Taylor and Easthope Martin, is sure of a welcome from lovers of their previous songs of The Fair. The present volume will not disappoint them—the songs are every bit as good as their predecessors, even if at times they are reminiscent of them. Each of the four songs that make up "A Day at the Fair" goes with a swing and a jollity that is infectious.

SIX STANDARD ENGLISH SONGS. By Ernest Newton. (Enoch.)

For the tenor and bass this book of duets should be very much in demand. The duets are arranged and set to new accompaniments by Ernest Newton. "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "A-Hunting We Will Go" and "The Well of St. Keyne" are among the old favourites contained in the book.

LEFT BEHIND. By Herbert Oliver. (Larway.)

A delicate and tender little song; very short, but with a haunting melody.

[4] "Aspiration." Words by Berwick Sayers; music by Ernest Austin. 2s. (Larway.)
[5] "Requiem." Words by Berwick Sayers; music by Cecil Baumer. 2s. (Larway.)
[6] "Sometimes I Seem to Hear You." Words by Edward Lockton; music by H. Lyall Philips. 2s. (Chappell.)
[7] "O Mistress Mine." Words from "Twelfth Night"; music by Herbert Oliver. 2s. (Larway.)
[8] "Parodies." Nursery Rhymes re-set for voice and piano. By Herbert Hughes. 4s. (Metzler.)

COURTING TIME. By Gerald Carne. (Enoch.)

The words of this song, by Helen Taylor, lack freshness, and as if affected by this the music humdrums along, conjuring up as it goes the ghosts of tunes that have lived before it.

ALLIE. By John R. Heath. (Enoch.)

This is distinctly fresh and vivacious; an excellent setting to quaint words by Robert Graves.

THE MOORS OF DERRYNANE. By Frederick Nicholls. (Larway.)

A spirited song, with an atmosphere. The music is descriptive and fits well the stirring words.

The Drama.

CHAUVE-SOURIS.

By FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

IN the days when the Great White Tsar was still the Little Father of his people, certain actors and actresses fell into the habit of meeting in a small restaurant in Moscow. These people were imbued with the tradition of the Russian theatre—what we in England would describe as "playing for the side," rather than the exhibition of individual abilities or peculiarities. The Russian play—by which I do not mean a certain class of melodrama seen on the English stage—is not written for a person, but for persons; it is a background to be illumined by a constellation rather than by a single star.

These people of the theatre, then, met happily together from time to time, and presently began to enact for their own amusement such dramas as they considered entertaining enough to be worthy of presentment. The fame of these private performances was soon noised abroad, and to be invited by one of the participants to make one of the audience was a privilege more easily sought than obtained.

For a long time these entertainments were purely voluntary, the relaxation of professional players who loved their art; but one day they were persuaded to enrol themselves as a definite company of players, to the public joy, but besprinkled with the sentimental tears of those who had enjoyed the *entrée* to the private performances of the old days.

A small theatre was obtained, but had it been twice as large it would have been inadequate, for night after night it was crowded to the very doors.

The company had chosen the whimsical title "Letuchaya Muish," which may be translated "Flying Mouse." The name is self-explanatory to anyone who has seen their performances, or has any acquaintance with Russia. The Bat ("flying mouse," "chauve-souris") flies in the twilight; it dashes here and there, apparently without direction or motive, like a mischievous child; it is a butterfly of the night, an irresponsible puck owning no master save his own freakish fancy.

Of course the Flying Mouse was offered great inducements to spread his wings and fly to Petrograd, but he resisted all blandishments; charm they never so wisely he remained in the shadow of the Kremlin, where he had first tried his wings, until days came in which the thunder of great guns and small was

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heard, and monstrous birds appeared in the air, the like of which the poor Flying Mouse had never seen. When a new order of things came about in his native land, the Flying Mouse—a gentle, old-fashioned, merry little thing—found himself uncomfortable in his new surroundings, so he spread out his wings rather timidly and flew many a weary mile. But a welcome awaited him. There was still room for the little Mouse in the hearts of those who loved, and love beautiful things.

"Mr. Charles B. Cochran," says the paper beside me, "has the honour to announce the appearance of The Company of the Theatre de la Chauve-Souris" at the London Pavilion, but (as Nikita Balieff says) "I don't ca-are!" To me it is the dear little Flying Mouse. . . .

The show? Well, it is like going into a large room, the walls of which are covered with exquisite miniatures; you feel that each one is the finest in the collection—until you have seen the next. The moment M. Lucien Wurmser's baton lifts the opening music from the souls of the wonderful orchestra, you feel that you do not even wish to open your programme; such music can only herald undreamed of delights.

Then a man in evening dress parts the curtain and stares at you; blinks; stares again and in English that is broken with cunning skill, tells you things—you don't care what; you laugh when he laughs and are content, for you are still under the spell of that wonderful music. Then the curtains roll back and your dreams come true. Costumes, scenery, voices—these are words. It is a kaleidoscope of wonderful, harmonious designs. You laugh, you catch your breath, you long to whirl with the *Tzigane*, to weep very gently with Mesdames Birse and Ershova, to stamp your feet and wave your hands. . . .

It is all wonderful, and one can only indicate one's personal selections. If I enjoyed any things more than other things, they were (I must give them as they appear on the programme—even it is characteristic—only, for reasons of space, names of costume designers and even the names of the many actors are omitted except in the case of "A Night at Yard," in which nearly all of them appear):

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M. Vavitch and Mme. Schischkine, supported by Mmes. Birse, Deykarhanova, Dianina, Davidowa, Karabanova, Rakowskaya, Fechner; and MM. Dalmatoff, Boreo, Gorodetzky, Marievsky, Malakoff, Makaroff, Stoyanovsky and Zotoff.

"THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A HORSE; OR THE GREATNESS OF THE RUSSIAN SOUL." A dramatic incident by A. Tchekhoff. Designed by Rémisoff.

The "Parade of Wooden Soldiers" is extraordinarily funny; the "pieces of porcelain" are exquisite in their delicacy; the—but how can one mention everything? M. Balieff quizzing is, like Trilby, funny without being vulgar. He never annoys his audience. I learn with regret that the show remains at the Pavilion for six weeks only, but London will beg Cochran to secure speedily a new home for it when it has to make room for the new Pavilion production. The Grand Guignol has made for itself a place in the sun; the Chauve-Souris, if there be any taste in London, will make a place for itself in the hearts of the people.

STARLIGHT.*

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

Photo by C. Vandyk. **Mr. Matheson Lang.**

AMID the welter of slumps, optimistic forecasts, shifting tastes, aspiring repertories and competing stars, Mr. Matheson Lang once more emerges in a characteristic rôle and feeds anew the ever-raging controversy on the vexed question of the "star"-lit play.

It was the fashion for so many years to decry the star system and prophesy its wane, that to the man in the pit such prophecy began to seem a parrot-cry, a mere journalistic cliché which he considered (according to his lights) either too hackneyed to be formidable or too good to be true. And then quite suddenly, by death or retirement, the thing happened; a whole galaxy of the old planets swam out of his ken, and the most casual watcher of dramatic skies was forced to reconsider his verdict.

Ask such an one to account for the star-manager's disappearance, and in four cases out of five his answer will be that the star's average magnitude must have decreased. But has it? His history for the past century is one of progress and amplification rather than decline. The "grand style" of Kemble, the uncompromising violence of Macready, are toned down by Charles Kean and Henry Irving; a new subtlety is introduced; the producer's art is invented and brought to aid: Tree overdoes it? No doubt; for the producer's art is as yet confused with the less noble science of keeping the star-manager in the limelight. Autocracy is still the watchword; but the autocracy of Tree is a more liberal state than that of Kemble or Macready.

But if (retorts my friend in the pit) your star's light has steadily increased, why has he suddenly faded? The answer is that he has not faded at all; he has been eclipsed. His supremacy was threatened long before the war, when Ibsen, Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy (to name only four) began writing plays in which he could no longer shine. Even the second-best plays of all

* "Christopher Sly." At the New Theatre.

these dramatists are very difficult to produce on the star system; their best work is starproof. Star Stockmann, Higgins, Anthony, and you will make your play extremely obscure; star any character in "The Wild Duck," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "The Madras House," "The Silver Box," and you will make it flatly unintelligible. That is what the old managers really meant when they declared the new dramatists unactable. The new dramatists have won—first by the devotion of a small band of zealots who, despite risk, loss and star-inspired derision, persisted in letting the public see their plays; and later, by the shifting of power from star-managers to syndicates which, though they have given us much bad work, are at least free in theory to produce occasional good plays unhandicapped by astral considerations. All this has happened without any falling off in the quality of modern starlight, which is as good as ever. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in the fact that an advancing taste seeks something better than the best their system can give.

"Then why," pursues my friend with growing exasperation, "keep harping on ideals which have gone down with honour? Above all, why do so in connection with Mr. Matheson Lang—unless indeed you are trying to be gratuitously offensive to the best living exponent of the older school?" For this reason—that though I hold no brief for the star-manager, he has at least performed and still performs such vital functions in the drama that his wholesale extinction (should it ever occur) would be nothing less than a disaster. For consider the limitations of the "all-round" or "repertory" cast that has begun to take his place; its plays are better, certainly; but its acting (with a few notable exceptions) is such as to make one wonder whether the old system, with its one good actor dominant in a cast, were not better than a cast containing no good acting at all. By stressing realism and a prim restraint the modern "repertory" play has opened the profession to a large number of alleged actors, cast in real-life parts, who have no more to do than learn their lines and "be themselves." The effect is piquant, after the star system; but it palls damnably. And if this fashion become universal there is a real danger that the genuine actor—the man who, like Mr. Lang, has been through the mill, has learnt his business from the bottom, can play anything with good craftsmanship and his own line with brilliance—will pass out of memory, to the detriment of the English stage.

Nor can the charge of fostering bad plays (so justly brought against the old star-managers) be laid at Mr. Lang's door. "The Purple Mask" was good of its kind; "Mr. Wu" better; "The Wandering Jew" perhaps better still; if they were all of a kind dependent on Mr. Lang's fine personal acting for any real success, why, that is a vice inherent in the star system, and no fault of his. The star-manager has never inspired good literature, though he has often thriven on bad. (If you want to realise how great an actor Irving was, sit down and try to read "The Bells.") "But what about Shakespeare?" challenges my friend. Quite so, dear Brutus; but have you ever noticed Shakespeare's unique gift of writing plays that can be produced equally well on either system? If not, I commend it to your consideration; it is the secret of his immortality.

Mr. Lang's own "Othello" will live long in playgoers' memories; the part suited him admirably and gave full scope to his fine, tender-mournful voice. For in the cult of Voice (another lost art) Mr. Lang follows greatly in the best tradition. His "Wandering Jew" was a triumph of voice, pure and simple—of voice first harsh and hostile, which with uncanny art grew mellower with the strange deepening spirituality of the Jew. We read that when Spranger Barry uttered certain lines in a play now deservedly forgotten, "all the critics in the pit burst into tears"; critics nowadays are made of sterner stuff—yet in "The Wandering Jew" (lame, turgid stuff in print) Mr. Lang gained a comparable effect, and by sheer splendid resonance held us spellbound.

There remains one other advantage of the star-play, exemplified in all Mr. Lang's productions, for which the system nowadays receives little credit; the star-manager is at any rate autocratic. He selects, casts and produces with his single brain; in this he practises the gospel of unity preached by Mr. Gordon Craig, whereas the syndicate's producer is too often hampered on all sides by author, actor, scene-painter, among whom he is no autocrat but a mere fellow-employé. There is pathetic irony in the thought that Mr. Craig's ideal should thus be most nearly realised by the one personage with whom he is most implacably at variance.

THE REAL IRISHMAN.

NOT long ago I had the pleasure of praising Mr. Fagan's vision in the difficult task of casting plays. In "John Bull's Other Island," at the Court, he has repeated his success. His company is "The Irish Players, and Three English." Irish players need no introduction now, for of all living managers Mr. Fagan has done most to kill that vile tradition of the "stage Irishman" which flourished like an unpleasantly green bay tree for so many years before his time; but in his choice of Mr. James Dale for Larry Doyle his keen judgment is once more justified. There is a curious stage superstition that all grades of Irishmen have a uniform brogue—as though the English gentleman in a French play should be provided with a Cockney accent; Mr. Fagan, being an Irishman himself, has courage to ignore the fetish, and having found in Mr. Dale the right qualities of hard, incisive, slightly embittered common sense, has wisely availed himself of these essentials in presenting Larry, and let nationality go by the board. And yet—there is something missing from the play. Sometimes, in moments of his deepest bitterness, Larry smirks; Matt Haffigan is plaintive where he should be blindly vindictive; Nora Reilly gushes a little, and where she laughs at her outlandish lover, laughs with the humour of toleration, not with the hysteria of despair; Mr. Fred O'Donovan is saved to some extent by the tender beauty of his own temperament in a very wonderful part, yet even he tends rather to sentimentalise the grimness of the play. To say this is no reflection on the cast; such weakness as there is lies not in acting but in the production. For the play's subtlest quality is a certain bitterness—not in the least political, but as it were ingrained in the mentality of nearly all concerned. Shaw is less beautiful than Yeats,

XUM

less real than Synge; but he is more like the spirit of Ireland than either. Mr. Wade's production (in opposition, one felt, to the Irish cast's own deepest instincts) is too tinged with the "top-o'-the-morning" jollity of the old regime; the house liked it, of course; yet amidst all the applause one seemed to hear the shades of Lever and Boucicault join in with ironic laughter. The outstanding personal success is that of Mr. Alfred Clark as Broadbent. Paradoxically enough, this English part is (*crede experto!*) one full of pitfalls for any but an Irish actor. Your Englishman is apt to see in it no more than caricature, thereby missing the intense seriousness that underlies its buoyant froth; Mr. Clark triumphantly avoids this error; may I implore him to go on resisting it, nor spoil so richly humorous a performance by transgressing the borders of burlesque on which he hovers so deliciously for four arduous acts? G. S.

WOMAN TO WOMAN. At the Globe Theatre.

Mr. Michael Morton's powerful, emotional play introduces an actress unknown on this side of the Atlantic. She plays the part of a beautiful French dancer who for the sake of her war baby plunges into a heart-to-heart duet with her lover's childless wife. When Miss Wilette Kershaw steps on to the stage at the Globe Theatre the friendly round of applause that greets the first appearance of the other principals in "Woman to Woman" is conspicuously absent. We are an audience of strangers, silent, critical, with expressionless faces, and hearts that have been presumably abandoned in cold storage. A few minutes pass, and we begin to move in our seats. A flutter of appreciation stirs the house. She is so alive, so sensitively alive, this warm-hearted French dancer with the quaint broken English. The inflexions of her voice, the play of her eyes, her quick expressive gestures captivate us, and by the time the curtain falls on the first act Miss Kershaw is securely enthroned in our hearts, and nothing less than half-a-dozen calls will satisfy us. S. H. W.

THE LOVE THIEF. At the Comedy Theatre.

The story of "The Love Thief" has been sufficiently told in the daily and weekly press and can be summarised here in a few words: it is of the matching of brain against brawn and the triumph of brain. From all we know of Florence under Lorenzo the Magnificent there is nothing improbable in the violent and vivid play of incident: daggers, vinous braggadocio, courtesans, dungeons, serenades and more daggers—they are all in the picture. The local colour, indeed, is excellent, even though the speeches, particularly those of the poet, Malespini, are often so impossibly verbose as to remind us of the page-long utterances of Miss Corelli's earlier creations. The author, Signor Benelli, somewhat bowdlerised, we imagine, by his translator, Mr. C. B. Fernald, achieves from the outset the atmosphere of brutal voluptuousness that we associate with Florence of the Medicis. In this he is ably assisted by M. Komisarjevsky's brilliantly-coloured scenes and general *decor*, which, though not a little suggestive of the Russian Ballet, is yet peculiarly apposite in its effect. But it is for the acting that Londoners will visit "The Love Thief," and notably for the acting of Mr. Norman McKinnel. Mr. McKinnel's interpretation of the Pisan bully, Neri, ranging as it does from jovial insolence through violence and suffering to sheer madness, is easily one of the most wonderful of his many fine performances. The play of his facial expressions, the strength and ease of his gestures, are a delight to watch; he is magnetic from first to last, whether silent or speaking. Mr. Thesiger's study of the revengeful and neuropathic poet is a fine and sufficient contrast to Mr. McKinnel, while Miss Cathleen Nesbit uses her powers admirably to convey the smouldering fire and cat-like quality of the disputed mistress, Ginevra. W. K. S.

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DORNFORD YATES
Author of "Berry and Co.," "The Brother of Daphne," "The Courts of Idleness," etc.

This is something more than a love story. At Mr. Yates's instance, we peer into the very smithy of Fate. With our own eyes we witness the forging, the tempering, the proving of Love; we see the hammer-play of tremendous emotions; out of the cold iron of accident we watch undreamed-of issues come beaten into shape. And it is only when the smith abruptly lays down his hammer and the completed artifice lies before us, that we realise that we have been something more than spectators and that somewhere irretrievably bound up with the handiwork there is a bit of our heart.

The Man from the Wilds
BY
HAROLD BINDLOSS

Harold Bindloss has had a good innings as a novelist, but he shows no signs of tiring. Instead of playing himself out he has played himself in, and to-day is scoring with more freedom than ever. His last novel, "The Man from the Wilds," introduces us to John Wreay, a Canadian prospector, who has come to England to undertake the guardianship of a young girl. Her property, which has run down, is restored by his discovery of minerals. Of course he marries his charming ward, but not until he has sustained adventures surpassing any he had encountered on the shores of St. James's Bay. It is refreshing to learn that the Old Country retains such possibilities of enrichment and thrill, and is no more played out than is Mr. Bindloss himself.

THE LIFTING OF THE SHADOW — Ottwell Binns
THE BOOK OF ALL-POWER — Edgar Wallace
THE YEARS OF HATE — Guy Thorne
THE STRANGE INHERITANCE — Paul Trent
THE LADY-IN-WAITING — William Le Queux
PROMISE OF DAWN — E. R. Punshon
A FREE HAND — B. A. Clarke

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD., SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

By the late M. J. B. Baddeley, B.A. (The Thorough Guides.) 6s. net.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS; ILFRACOMBE AND NORTH-WEST DEVON; AND CROMER AND DISTRICT.

2s. each. (Ward, Lock.)

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have in the past received the grateful thanks of many English holiday makers for their well-known Guides to English holiday resorts and districts, and they are getting into their full stride again after the war-time dislocation. They have taken over the publication of the whole series of Baddeley's Thorough Guides and, as the first of their own work in this series, have reissued the famous volume which deals with the English Lake District. Baddeley's guides have had an enviable name among serious holiday makers, men and women who seek out the remoter beauties of coast and moorland, and there are many to whom there is no joy comparable, short of the tour itself, with that of taking out these little books, with their exquisite maps, and recalling, mile by mile, the old tours and planning new ones. Of all the series, the first issued, that which deals with the Lakes, has always been the best. It is an admirable example of the most patient and thorough accomplishment of its object, and it is doubtful if it has ever been exceeded in its own particular sphere. The new edition has been carefully revised and is to the walking tourist a thing of beauty, with its carefully ordered typography and its frequent coloured maps in Bartholomew's best style, beautifully clear and alluring. It is possible that some of the books of this series are open—by the very thoroughness and completeness of their absorption in the necessary details of direction in difficult mountain and coast country—to the cynicism of certain superior writers who are apt to scoff at guide-books, but any such criticism fails as against Baddeley's Lake District, for those who use it are best aware how often, and how opportunely, there are brought in allusions, stories, descriptions, that give to the book, at every few pages, the human savour at the lack of which the gibes are pointed, and help to a more complete understanding of the district. One could mention a score of such satisfying passages, with which users of the book are familiar. It may be "Wonderful Walker"; the revival of cottage spinning and weaving; the story of William Ritson of Wastdale; or any one of many other such interpolations—the user knows and cherishes them all. It requires some hardihood to make suggestions in face of such relative perfection, but I cannot help wondering why Mr. Baddeley did not more clearly and persistently make known Wordsworth's essays on the Lake scenery. They form perhaps the finest reasoned appreciation of the scenery of any single district in England, and as they have lately been republished by the Oxford Press, anyone can get the book. A concise but adequate sketch of the Lake poets would usefully supplement the scattered brief references to their houses, residences and associations. One feels, also, that there is too little about Romney, Ruskin and Arnold, and more adequate references to "Robert Elsmere," in which appear some of the most exquisite modern impressions of Lakeland, would not be ungraceful. Something useful might well be added, too, about the flora of the district. The Red Guides to Ilfracombe, Cromer and the Channel Islands well represent this cheap, popular series which in summer ring the English coast with red. Of their kind they are admirable, giving just the information that the not too ardent tourist or short holiday maker needs, in maps, plans, pictures and directions. All series of books necessarily vary in merit. Ilfracombe and the Channel Islands are quite good, but the Cromer volume is not so satisfactory. The Cromer district, like every other English district, has a network of footpaths which are far more attractive than the roads. Yet holiday makers are sent along the hot and dusty roads—and they can be hot and dusty on the Norfolk coast. For the author of this volume the footpaths hardly exist, and such parts of the volume as describe the country excursions would do with a thorough revision. *Experienta docet.* But one failure does not spoil a series any more than one swallow makes a summer, and from a long experience I offer thanks to the editor of these guide-books, for much useful information and many pleasant excursions.

THE TRAMP.

From **Sculpture of To-Day,**
By Kineton Parkes
(*Chapman & Hall*).

LILITH.
(Alfred Drury).

Reviewed in this Number.

XUM

GENERAL BRAMBLE.

By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Jules Castier and Ronald Boswell. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

To readers of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" this book needs little commendation beyond mention of its title. That earlier book which M. Maurois gave us is one of the most abidingly attractive books of the war, and the arrival of a sequel marked with all the ready wit, the kindly, smiling humour of its predecessor is something to be hailed with real delight. Our old friend the colonel has become a general, but the talk that takes place at Divisional Head-quarters is as amusing, as arriding, as suggestive as it was in the earlier volume. In setting forth the experiences of Aurelle, the French interpreter attached to the Scottish Division, M. Maurois gives us with characteristic French neatness character sketches of various British officers in a wonderfully effective fashion. If his humour is frequently informed with satire, the satire is never barbed, it is of the kind at which the satirised themselves can smile, while wondering how it was that a "foreigner" could get such insight into the ways and thought of those among whom he was stationed. This new book takes Aurette and his friends through the concluding stages of the war and well beyond, but though the war is the background to the book it is only the background, it is but the occasion that brought this group of people together. The book is in anecdotal and conversational fashion and showing of ourselves "as ithers see us," but ever in a friendly, genial fashion. M. Maurois should be a powerful factor—and literary liaison officer—in the maintaining of the Entente.

From **A General History of Porcelain,** By William Burton (*Cassell*).

Spanish: Buen Retiro (late 18th or early 19th century).

Vase with handles and cover in ormolu—gilt and painted. Height 23¾ ins., diameter 9 ins. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)

SPANGLES OF EXISTENCE.

By Robert Blatchford. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is a truism to say that the good short story is met with more seldom than the good novel. The briefer any work of art the more unfaltering and skilful must be the hand that produces it. Imperfections of technique, ambiguities which only a little mar a good novel, as a fine fabric marred by a knotted thread is still a fine fabric, may be the complete ruin of a short story. And the shorter the story the more complete the ruin. Thus we have few short story writers, and fewer still who attempt to give life and significance to such short sketches as these which Mr. Blatchford has just published under the title of "Spangles of Existence." It is obvious that a work of fiction which fills only about three and a half pages requires a very high degree of technical excellence in the writing. Mr. Blatchford has a high degree of skill. He gives life to these small episodes; it is hardly to be wondered at if he fails, on the whole, to give significance. He is obviously a very close and sympathetic observer, and he has considerable powers of description, as may be seen from the following passage:

> "The big drummer of the Buffs was a fine specimen of the English soldier. Young and straight, spotless and smart, with a saucy smile and blue eyes, bright and very keen. There was mastery in his firm port and cool regard.
>
> "He beat his drum as though he loved it. He beat it as one who understood it. . . . He beat it with reticence and with discretion and with the swiftest force and directness. A most gifted and accomplished drummer.
>
> "And the side drums throbbed and the fifes chirruped and shrilled, and the music and the sunshine got into the Bonsors' blood."

There are fifty "Spangles" in this book, nearly all of them exhibiting the same dexterity, nearly all of them interesting; and the whole fifty may be read in one sitting of an hour or so. But one closes the book and finds that, after all, it has made no impression on the mind. Such little "spangles of existence," such detached episodes, however adroitly presented, have necessarily very little significance by themselves. They are, in fact, the rough material out of which the story or the novel is made. One has the feeling, with Mr. Blatchford's book, that one is reading the work of a very busy man who, delighting in all the aspects of our queer life, feels the necessity of communicating his delight, yet cannot find the time to make any sort of synthesis of his impressions; and so pours them out separately, leaving each impression to stand alone, as an impression and nothing else. One admires his zest and skill, one is grateful for the entertainment; but at the back of one's mind remains the thought: "What a waste!" Each little episode is sufficiently entertaining for an idle moment, but, reading, one feels that in its proper place, fitted into the scheme of a short story or a novel, it might be not only entertaining, but significant and beautiful.

W. J.

HENRY DUKE OF GRAFTON.

By Sir Almeric Fitzroy, K.C.B. 12s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

Henry Fitz Roy, first Duke of Grafton, was a son of King Charles II by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, who owing to his birth obtained prominent posts in the army and navy, which he filled with competence and promise of distinction. He married Isabella Bennet, daughter of that intriguing politician the Earl of Arlington, won himself some reputation in Torrington's disastrous sea-fight with Tourville, and was killed in his twenty-eighth year while commanding the marines at the siege of Cork on October 9th, 1690. His biographer, Sir Almeric Fitzroy, K.C.B., Clerk to the Privy Council, claims for him that he was a young man of generous and chivalrous disposition, a claim which the facts of the Duke's life do little to establish. A young man who was implicated in two duels, both with fatal results, who helped to spirit away his brother's wife, "a woman of lowly birth of whom her husband was tired," who assisted Churchill in crushing the rebellion of Monmouth and did nothing to save his half-brother from execution, and who finally deserted his uncle, King James II, for the Prince of Orange, is surely hardly a pattern of generosity and chivalry as most of us know these virtues. Sir Almeric Fitzroy, in fact, lacks both the impartiality and the style which the composition of a sound historical monograph demands. His summing up of the character of the Duke, given on page 84, is a glaring example of the worst kind of fine writing. An author who claims for his hero that "he had the dare-devil charm which disturbs the circumspect ceremonial of life with the recklessness of high emprise" is writing neither prose nor poetry.

From **Henry Duke of Grafton** (*Christophers*). **CHARLES II.**

From a miniature on the patent of the Duke of Grafton.

PAMELA POUNCE.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Quite apart from the story of "Pamela Pounce," which is by no means all sadness, there is a pathetic interest attached to this volume, for it is the last which will show the combined names of the two notable and distinguished collaborators, Agnes *and* Egerton Castle. Those names have for a generation stood as a voucher for pure romance of the eighteenth century, genuine, dainty, and always thoroughly alive. "Pamela Pounce" announces itself to be "A Tale of Tempestuous Petticoats," and indeed there are many petticoats in it, and every petticoat, one might almost say, holds a heroine of tragedy or of comedy. Pamela herself is a pretty and clever milliner, and her own love story runs "like a cherry-coloured thread through the warp and woof of those other existences, so far above hers, in which her profession had involved her." "The

From **Pamela Pounce : A Tale of Tempestuous Petticoats,** By Agnes and Egerton Castle (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **COVER DESIGN.**

XUM

Incomparable Bellairs" of a former volume reigns again here as Lady Kilcroney, and begins her duties as lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte in Cheltenham. Hats and "heads" are needed by all the ladies of fashion gathered about the court, and into Pamela's life comes knowledge of the ambitions, the heartaches, the flirtations, the intrigues, the elopements, the honest loves and foolish fancies of her clientele. Pamela and her bandboxes flit in and out of the several romances, and kind-hearted, fascinating, independent young person that she is, we are relieved to find her doing her best for her repentant admirer, Jocelyn Bellairs, by marrying him in the last chapter. It is a dainty, picturesque story and, on the whole, gay and amusing.

THE SECRETS OF A KUTTITE.

By Capt. E. O. Mousley, R.F.A. 8s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

From **The Secrets of a Kuttite,** (*John Lane*).

Baghdad captured at last. General Maude's entry.

The first impression of the average reader of Captain Mousley's account of the siege of Kut-el-Amara and of the subsequent desert trek and long imprisonment, will surely be that he possessed many more than the proverbial "nine lives" of a cat. Shelled in the invested town continually, sniped at by dozens of Turkish marksmen as he carried out his various duties, bombed from the air by day and night, the only wonder seems that the devoted garrison was not annihilated. True, these experiences were common to the troops at the French and other fronts; but they were at least decently fed, while the inhabitants of besieged Kut grew weaker hour by hour. On April 24th, 1916, the author wrote in his diary of the "gallant effort to walk and to carry out the simplest routine by men dying and doomed." And the same evening the relief ship, loaded with provisions sufficient for several weeks, fouled a cable and ran aground just below the town, under the very noses of the Turkish guns, and within sight of the men waiting to unload her. "It appears," says the entry in the next day's diary, "that this tragic but obvious end of so glorious an enterprise is a last hope. We have scarcely rations for to-morrow." Four days afterwards Kut was in the hands of the enemy; but instead of the anticipated change to good food and a possible visit of recuperation to India on parole—which General Townshend had endeavoured to arrange—came the looting of the hospital, the theft of every article possible from patients too ill to move, and orders for the tremendous journey on foot, on donkeys, and by rail when railways occurred, from Kut to Kastamuni, near the southern shore of the Black Sea, via Mosul, Aleppo, the Taurus, Afion (the junction for Smyrna) and Angora. The account of this nightmare-trek is one of war's wonder-stories. For fourteen months—from July, 1916, to September, 1917—the author and his companions were captives at Kastamuni, where life was bearable and a certain degree of comfort could be attained by persistence and tact in dealing with the authorities. At the end of that period Captain Mousley, by an appeal to the visiting inspecting officer of the Turkish Government, and in view of the fact that he was really suffering from spinal concussion due to the explosion of a shell long before in Kut, was moved to Stamboul for hospital treatment; this "treatment," however, was a farce, and many more hardships were still in store. Freedom came at last with the armistice, and England was in sight. This is a bare outline of a book which throws a clear, strong light upon the whole situation in the Ottoman empire, and particularly emphasises the extraordinary differences in feeling, points of view and motives for action between Occident and Orient. The author's contribution to our general understanding of the political intrigues of Constantinople is most valuable; but the long story of amazing pluck, of refusal to be "down-hearted," of jests and amusements in the shadow of death and disaster, is one which few readers will set aside unmoved.

From **Wanderings of a Naturalist,** By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. (*Cassell*).

The Northern Slopes of the Cairngorm under Snow in June.

CRISES.

By Maurice Level. 6s. net. (Philpot.)

These tabloid tales of mystery and horror form the first volume in Messrs. Philpot's *Les Fleurs de France* series of translations from celebrated French authors, and they are already in their third edition. Very aptly the late H. B. Irving described the author as employing the methods of O. Henry in the service of the horrible. Indeed, for sheer dramatic surprise at the climax, some of these stories out-Henry O. Henry. Always the surprise is planned to shock the sensibilities of the reader, and bowl him over with the authentic Grand Guignol punch. A man plotting a murder, for example, discovers that his place of concealment is the house of—the official executioner! That is the type of shock tactics adopted by the author, and the imagination that doesn't leap on reaching the pregnant paragraph must be unfit to carry wings.

THREE TRAVELLERS IN NORTH AFRICA.

By the Hon. Emily Ward. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

From **Three Travellers in North Africa** (*John Lane*).

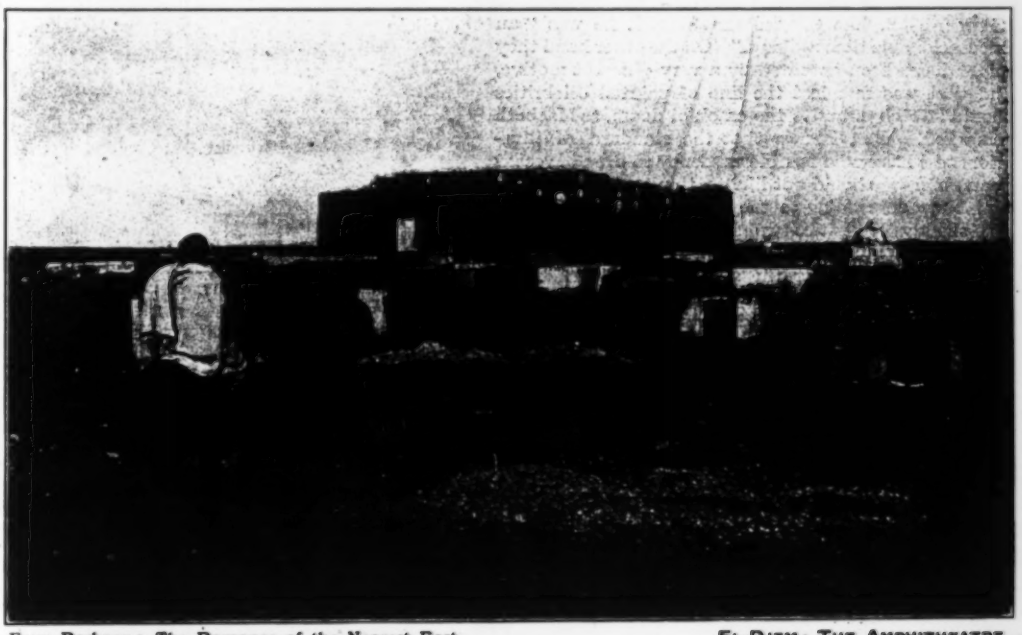
Natives near Nanoia.

To the average reviewer who cannot check the statements of travellers and who abhors the purple patches in which so many of them delight, most travel books are a sheer weariness to the flesh. And the most tedious of all such works are those which avoid accounts of strange peoples and essay to describe scenes of natural grandeur and beauty. Fortunately the narrative of her adventures in Algeria and Tunisia which the Hon. Emily Ward has published under the title of "Three Travellers in North Africa" is pleasantly and unpretentiously written, and does manage to tell some very interesting facts about the various races of North Africa—Arabs, Moors, Turks, Mozabites, Kabyles and Jews—about the ancient Roman remains at Timgad Dougga and Tunis, and about such romantic or semi-romantic fauna as black sheep, long-haired goats, shy gazelles, gaily caparisoned Arab horses and camels, and storks which build their nests on church steeples. Miss Ward, indeed, deserves higher praise than this; for her book will enable the man in the street to gain a very fair and complete idea of the progress which Algeria and Tunisia have made in development and prosperity since the two countries came under the civilising influence of France. An excellent map of North Africa and some very good photographs enhance the value of the narrative. Miss Ward tells us that there are 15,000 Russians in North Africa working for the French in the towns and in the fields. 'They were part of a division who refused to fight at Salonica, and were promptly sent to Algeria." The book is well illustrated with photographs.

LORDS AND COMMONERS.

By Sir Henry Lucy. 18s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Knight with the Silver Plumes who has so long thrust a lance through the absurdities and solemnities of Parliament is well entitled to yet another ride down the lists, and if the literal reader construes the "lists" to the damage of the metaphor, well, we can meet him and say that few books on the publishers' lists this season make for conversational interest more than this. It begins with a chapter of autobiography, showing that the author picked up his first views of life in the hard school of a warehouse apprenticeship lasting seven years, and distinguished by more than one escapade, chiefly in the way of unauthorised rides on the firm's horses. It is consoling to learn that the concern which had the temerity to engage the future "Toby M.P." at the age of twelve (for he had left school behind by then) is flourishing more than ever; more than one business we know has failed to survive an early association with genius. Like so many other ventures, they have gone to illustrate the old truth that exceptional powers may entertain the world and all that, but so far as private and commercial life are concerned they too often leave ruin in their wake. It may be added that in this respect Sir Henry has proved a brilliant exception, for he has been a success himself. He has contributed largely and



From **Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East** By MacCallum Scott, M.P., which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing this month.

El-Djem: The Amphitheatre.

XUM

From **Mr. Pim,** **COVER DESIGN.**

By A. A. Milne (a novel founded on his play, "Mr. Pym Passes By"), which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

consistently to the success of *Punch*, he has won success as an author and historian, and he has had a happy home life surrounded by troops of friends. As every one knows, he has had the shrewd and admirable idea of embodying his memory at his favourite club by leaving "an eleven of all England" on its walls. He tells here the genesis of the idea which has been the means of presenting the Reform Club with a capital series of kit-cat portraits representing prominent contemporaries with whom he has been brought into contact—men as far apart as Gladstone, Irving, Chamberlain, Burnand, Lord Morley, Tenniel, Russell of Killowen, "Randy," the late Joseph Cowen, and Lord Rosebery. Originally the intention was to make this gallery a posthumous bequest, but there was humour even in the alteration, for Sir Henry tells of qualms of reproach he felt whenever brother-members used to meet and ask him how he was, as if, like Charles the Second, he was "an unconscionable time a-dying." On the other hand they might have been actuated by a very different motive, and that was fear lest the line of painted celebrities should stretch out unto the crack of doom, as Macbeth remarked. We all know that the standard of illustriousness has had a terrible tendency to drop of recent years, and we should not like to think of Sir Henry's amiability descending to the perpetuation of some of the shoddy celebrities we see around us nowadays. There is point in the story that when Mr. Chamberlain was being painted for the series and the artist was following his usual rule—working in reminiscences of the men who had influenced the sitter most. In this case Mr. Chamberlain insisted on having the figure of Gladstone put in the background. It was not easy because the canvas was already pretty full, so all susceptibilities were considered by the fact that only a fragment of the G.O.M. was inserted, showing him to be quitting the picture, and no wonder! This, and more, is sufficient to show that Sir Henry has put a deal of refreshing personality into the passages that border on autobiography, and the book is rich in other interests. There could hardly be better or more vivid reading than his chapters on Sir Frank Lockwood, "Humour," "How the King Travels," "Bulls in the Westminster China Shop," "New Journalism," and "Dollar Notes" (giving us his impressions of America). Best of all is a paper worthy of the late Austin Dobson—"Fanny Burney at Norbury Park." There are plenty of illustrations from sketches by the author's many artist friends, and the result is a veritable arm-chair cargo of genial, well-informed and very human reading.

J. P. COLLINS.

THE SORROWS OF GOD AND OTHER POEMS.

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY ("Woodbine Willie"). 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a collected edition, with several hitherto unpublished poems added, of the Rough Rhymes of the Padre who did such notable service at the front during the war and was affectionately nicknamed "Woodbine Willie" because he always had cigarettes in his pockets for any man who wanted them. There is no secret, no mystery about the extraordinary popularity of these poems. Their views are at times daringly unorthodox; they are always fearlessly outspoken, but they are also always profoundly sincere, both in the depth of their religious conviction and their protest against social wrongs and the cruelty and horror of war. The humour and the pathos of them are real, and being real were bound to be effective, so that the surprise and mystery would have been if they had not been popular.

From **Lords and Commons,** By Sir Henry Lucy (*Fisher Unwin*). **SIR TOBY, M.P.**

MORE MORROW.

6s. (Methuen.)

There are artists whose ideas are more humorous than their pictures, and artists whose pictures are more humorous than their ideas, but it is the special virtue of Mr. George Morrow that these two qualities are united in his work and anyone who does not know that already may know it by taking a glance through this new book of his drawings. Whether he is quaintly and perversely interpreting phases of life in the Middle Ages and earlier, or illustrating his comments on the town and country life of our day, there is always imagination in his humour and a curious realism in the pictorial detail of its presentation. There is that humour of idea and draughtsmanship, for instance, in the gentleman getting through the narrow street without passing under either of the two ladders; in the knight who has promised to be home for dinner and did not observe before he blew the horn at a castle he was passing the notice that "whoso bloweth this horn challengeth the Giant to mortal combat"; and if you can look without laughing at the catastrophic result of squeezing a very fat passenger into an already much overcrowded tube train, you may take it that you are not so well as you ought to be. It is enough to say that here are nearly a hundred pages with at least two laughs on most of them and three on all the rest.

From **More Morrow** (*Methuen*).

The Visitor: "But you spoil the place by having the public incinerator on that hill over there."
The Town Clerk: "Pardon me, sir. That is *my* idea. It completes the resemblance to the Bay of Naples, which we insist on in all our advertisements."

THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND.

By John Mills. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

John Mills, who wrote "The Life of a Racehorse" and "The Old English Gentleman," would doubtless have gone right through the animal creation—or as much of it as a sportsman cares about—if time had served and the market had "been so dispoged." He wrote in the Landseer vein,

From **The Life of a Foxhound** (*Philip Allan*).

THE MEET.

From a drawing by John Leech.

MR. EARL WAYLAND BOWMAN,
whose new novel, "The Ramblin' Kid," was published last month by Messrs. Page & Co.

you may say, and made every animal of his affection or otherwise talk exactly as it would have done had it been a human being. He wrote too in the fashion of the period, when the essence of well-bred conversation lay in the number of Latin polysyllables you managed to introduce. Obviously the result was inferior to the class of book in which "Jorrocks" and "Hadley Cross" are prize-winners; and as for the delicate sensibility of "Rab and His Friends" or the tough and strenuous style of "Owd Bob," these and similar qualities are altogether lacking. As a matter of fact one suspects that the liking which the world of sport has always had for Mills's books was founded on their leisurely and gentlemanly manner, where even the stable hands talk a semi-Johnsonian lingo, and the dogs themselves converse in a didactic and moral vein worthy of Mrs. Barbauld. But with all these old-fashioned attributes the story does what it undertakes to do; it interests us in the training and evolution of a foxhound of spirit, his early trials, misadventures, disillusions, triumphs, escapes, stratagems and spoils. There was therefore every reason for reprinting this genial old classic of sport, especially with John Leech's illustrations, and for dedicating this edition (the fifth) to the Prince of Wales. On the whole a most acceptable revival of a characteristically English book.

CAPTAIN E. R. G. R. EVANS, C.B.,
whose new book, "South with Scott," Messrs. Collins are publishing.

BARBARA JUSTICE.

By DIANA PATRICK. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Diana Patrick's sympathetic knowledge of country life gives a background of reality to her heroine—an unusual product of the soil. Barbara is no ordinary child of poverty; her appreciation of the beauties and mysteries of nature, her love of poetry, her thirst for knowledge, her wonderful skill at swimming, not to mention her personal charm, set her apart, a rare bloom, growing in a village on the fringe of a wood, prolonging her studies at the local school and, in her spare time, doing the housework of the school-mistress. Her girlish imagination transcends the squalor of her narrowed existence, and love comes to her from a social altitude far above her own—then disaster, tragic, overwhelming, shattering her dreams and her youth and driving her from her childhood's home. Miss Patrick writes here with the captivating sentiment and sense of colour which won success for her first novel, "The Wider Way."

TWENTY YEARS OF LAWN TENNIS.

By A. WALLIS MYERS. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Of recent years the game of lawn tennis has taken all civilised countries by storm, and we question if there is anything about it that Mr. Myers, the author of this volume of reminiscences, does not know. At any rate he seems to have been present at all the great matches, whether in England or in other lands, and his book is essentially personal, consisting of his own recollections of famous games and famous players. The game now claims, according to Mr. Myers, more votaries than any ball game yet "invented."

MR. BERTRAM ATKEY
whose humorous novel, "Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE WOLVES.

By BERTRAM ATKEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

"Be careful of all men. They're wolfish—some because they can't help it, more because they don't want to help it. Be on your guard, therefore, against all men." This was the gist of the advice given to Winnie by her disinherited scapegrace of a father, and the extent to which she carried it out is the measure and the burden of the story. To do her justice, the heroine is not only masterful, but pretty and clever, and she cultivates an innocent demureness worthy of Sheridan's domestic in the play, who let other people pretend to be smart but preferred to play the simpleton herself. The book is not a love story, but a study in character whereby Winnie, starting with this parental warning, plays a varied and ingenious game of "spoof" with a dash of blackmail upon all the male folk who come under the spell of her charms. She winds up with a respectable fortune won on these disrespectable lines, but the telling is so gay and resourceful that the reader is robbed of any chance of chiding her.

XUM

THE ESCAPING CLUB.

By A. J. Evans (late Major, R.A.F.). 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Forced to come to earth within the German lines by engine failure in July, 1916, when on special reconnaissance duty with an observer, the author of this book became a prisoner, and after reading his account of the experiences of the next eleven months we are almost tempted to congratulate him. For he has given us a really racy story of life under most remarkable conditions, when for month after month the one idea, that amounted to an obsession, was to escape. So indefatigable were his efforts that he became a marked character and was removed to a "strafe camp" at Ingolstadt, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants on the banks of the Danube; here, of course, his hobby of escaping once again took possession of him, though within the moated fort, with sentries passing and repassing

Mr. Henry Williamson

outside his cottage at Georgehaven, North Devon. Mr. Williamson's first novel, "The Beautiful Years," which has won golden opinions from Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. de la Mare, will be published by Messrs. Collins early this month.

the windows of his room, and guards, roll-calls, inspections, all calculated to frustrate his attempts, the reader imagines that he might as well have acquiesced in his fate of captivity until the lapse of time set him free. That is exactly where the reader is wrong. The greater the difficulties, the more determined became Captain Evans and his friends to overcome them. With extraordinary skill and craft they planned and plotted, and with astonishing perseverance they carried out scheme after scheme, often under the very eyes of their guards; and he will be a very stolid reader whose excitement does not rise as the little company of Britishers, Frenchmen and others put their fate to the test. It is enough to say that this is a thrilling record of adventure and hairbreadth risks of detection, which no reader will set down until he has reached the happy climax. We must congratulate Captain Evans most heartily upon his safe issue out of the many troubles which surrounded him, and place on record the conviction that this is one of the finest war books, and one of the best stories of true adventure, that we have read.

A CRASH IN THE CABINET.

By "Pagan." (Putnams.)

Whoever "Pagan" may be, he knows enough of modern politics and politicians to be able to get a good deal of fun out of them in this irresponsible story. It is all high spirits and broad farce, and yet that eminent but unfortunate statesman Sir Edwin Tonks is not so much unlike the real article nowadays as perhaps he ought to be. You can't take it seriously as a political novel, and do not want to; it is meant to be amusing, and is that, and if you want an hour or two's laughter you should read it.

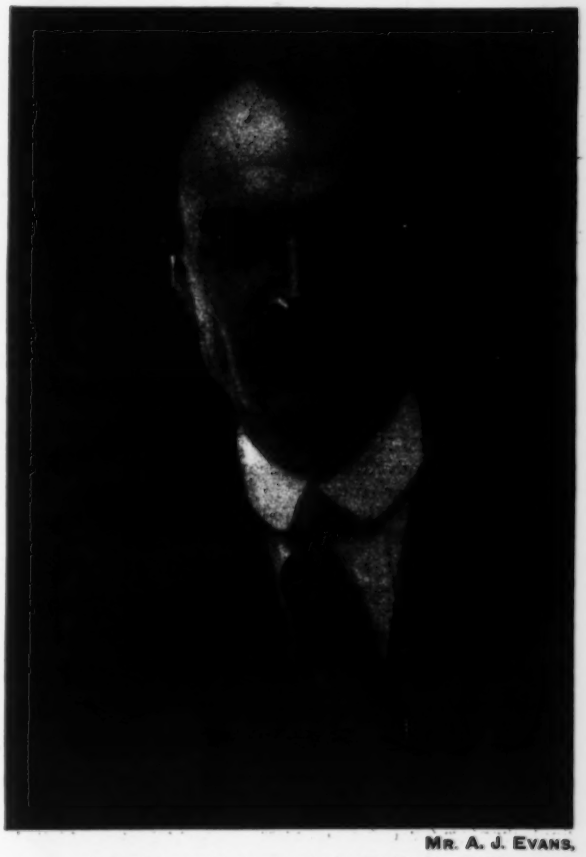
THE MAGNIFICENT MR. BANGS.

By Joseph C. Lincoln. 8s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Photo by Warschawski Studios. **Mr. John L. Carter,**

whose new humorous novel, "Putting Mary Off," is published by Mr. John Long.

Cape Cod is the Yankees' Yarmouth, with Cornwall and Pegwell Baythrown in. Its characters and habits and dialect are there ready-made for the humorist, and he has simply to go and pick them up like shells upon the shore. The marvel is that every other house around that broken bit of coast is not occupied with a successful novelist or playwright yanking off streaks of genius, as local speech might put it, for the theatres and periodicals of the eastern states, while the good folk of Boston and New York sail past through the Cape Cod canal and lick their lips in anticipation of the toothsome fare to come. Unfortunately for all such plans the Cape has all it requires in the person of Mr. Lincoln, and he keeps adding to his score of volumes on its life and people with such steady persistence that nobody troubles to compete with him. Boston last year produced a play from his novel of "Shavings," and there



Mr. A. J. Evans,

the well-known cricketer, whose book, "The Escaping Club" (John Lane), reached its fourth edition in a fortnight.

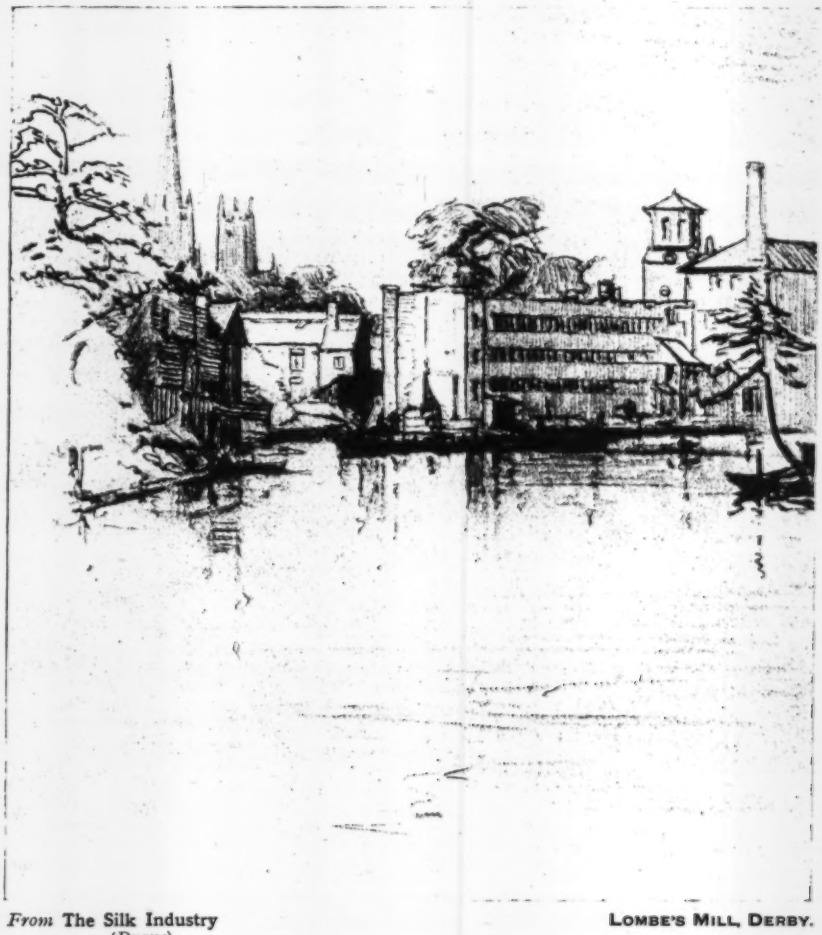
XUM

at a glance one caught the ozone of this refreshing region, together with its fun and sunshine, its cheerful prepossession with its own concerns, and the ease with which a human oddity can settle there and vegetate in happiness and perfect suitability. That was the way with the Hon. Galusha Bangs, the Egyptologist, a middle-aged bachelor in the style of Mr. Todman, who drifts into the natty home and the warm affections of Martha Phipps. He saves her from having to leave the place of her affections first by becoming her lodger and then by buying up the "dud" shares she has been induced to speculate in. The inevitable happens, and thanks to Galusha's banker cousin, who quells Martha's diffidence by an appeal to her good nature and common sense, these two Cheeryble souls pair off. Egypt is a long way from Cape Cod—perhaps that is why Mr. Lincoln chose it—but it seems to us that Mr. and Mrs. Bangs would brighten even the sunshine of the Pyramids with their quiet heartiness and serenity, their genuine humanity and natural fund of homely humour.

THE OBSTACLE RACE.

By Ethel M. Dell.
7s. 6d. net.
(Cassell.)

"The Obstacle Race" is the story of a society girl who, having survived the aimless whirl of five London seasons, takes her courage in both hands, abandons the smart set and begins life anew in a small seaside village. Juliet Moore certainly lives up to Squire Fielding's description of her as "a very remarkable young woman." Not only does Juliet succeed in dropping completely out of London society, but she succeeds in dropping over the edge of a cliff right into the arms of the one man worthy of her. This serviceable hero, though only a humble village schoolmaster, is a born leader of men, and the bond between him and his deformed, half-witted brother is a fruitful source of emotion throughout the story. The novel contains many neatly-contrived melodramatic situations in which a delightfully wicked Lord Saltash plays an intriguing rôle, and the reader who likes to wait until the final chapters for details of missing links and shady pasts will find plenty worth waiting for in "The Obstacle Race."



From **The Silk Industry** (*Drane*).

Lombe's Mill, Derby.

The first silk mill erected in England, 1717.

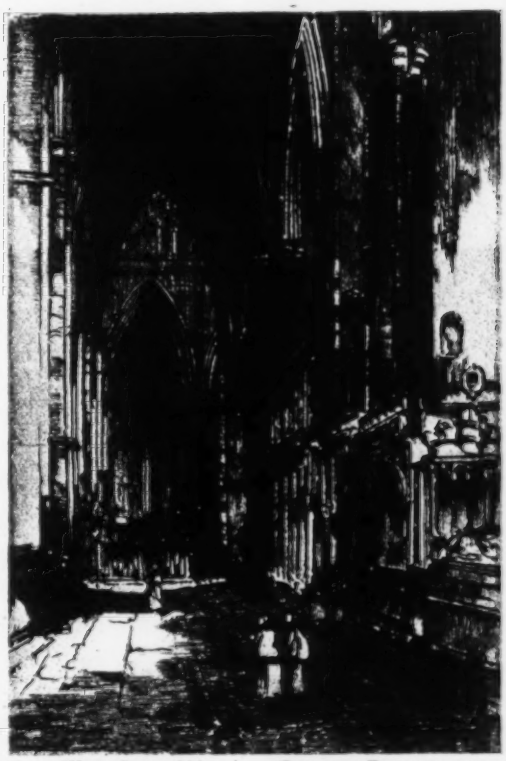
THE SILK INDUSTRY.

By Sir Frank Warner, K.B.E. 42s. net. (Drane.)

A magnificent volume beautifully printed in clear type, with excellent large side-titles to the paragraphs. It will appeal to those who know all the business side of silk, and to those who merely love its beauties. Sir Frank Warner originally intended this to be quite a small book, but when inquiries were set on foot it was discovered that the silk industry was at one time, and in one form, carried on in a very wide area and at places hitherto unsuspected of having any connection with it. Seeking, as was natural in the early days of its development, localities which provided water power and a supply of cheap labour, the industry became scattered, and it has so remained unfortunately ever since. So the book grew to large proportions. "It is not the object of this work," writes the author, "to attempt to prove that our past or present fiscal policy has been either the salvation or ruin of the silk industry in this country. The facts must be left to speak for themselves." We have followed with eager interest the tale of the first beginnings of silk in England. One of the earliest records, mentioned in the Saxon chronicles, is that "Offa, King of Mercia, received a present of two silken vests from the Emperor Charlemagne in 790." Foreign traders brought in silks to England from the East, by way of Italy and Spain. This was followed later by the immigration and settlement of great numbers of skilled hand-craftsmen from the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, and from France in even greater numbers afterwards. There are chapters on the various towns and their records: London, Leek, Macclesfield, Coventry, Norfolk, Leicester and others. By the way, in Spitalfields to-day there are forty-six workshops still occupied by weavers. Reference is made at the end of the book to the labours of Sir Arthur Liberty, and we are also told of the interesting work now carried on at the Spinnery, Windermere, where many of the villagers work at their own homes in spare moments. Colour schemes are especially grown and planned in a garden; and—it sounds very joyous—the work is done in a quiet, leisurely way, entirely from an artist's point of view.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By MARY STURGEON. Drawings by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. 20s. net. (Harrap.)



From Westminster Abbey (*Harrap*).

REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF ETCHED FRONTISPIECE.

This is a book whose handsome exterior is a fitting case for the material to be found within. It is a book of fine reading, interesting, instructive, and unusual in that its writer not only presents a fresh point of view of the Abbey but also displays that rare and refreshing thing in a book of this kind—a sense of humour. The significance of the Abbey—the way it has come to represent "the spirit of our race in all its various activity"—is the point dwelt on by Miss Mary Sturgeon; no detailed historical nor architectural account will be found in this book, but rather the story of "the spiritual qualities which have come to be focused in the Abbey"—the story of the Spirit of a Nation. Beginning far back in the time when the site of the Abbey was a rough, wild place called "Thorny Island," the author brings us right down through the ages to that memorable day last year when an Unknown Warrior—symbol of the spirit of the English race in the Great War—was laid to rest within its walls. Packed with information and with interesting commentary, the book has a beautiful etched frontispiece and fifteen drawings by Louis Weirter, R.B.A.

A HISTORY OF PISA.

Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries.

By WILLIAM HEYWOOD. 21s. (Cambridge University Press.)

From A History of Pisa (*Cambridge University Press*).

BAS-RELIEF: S. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR. (CHURCH OF S. MARTIN).

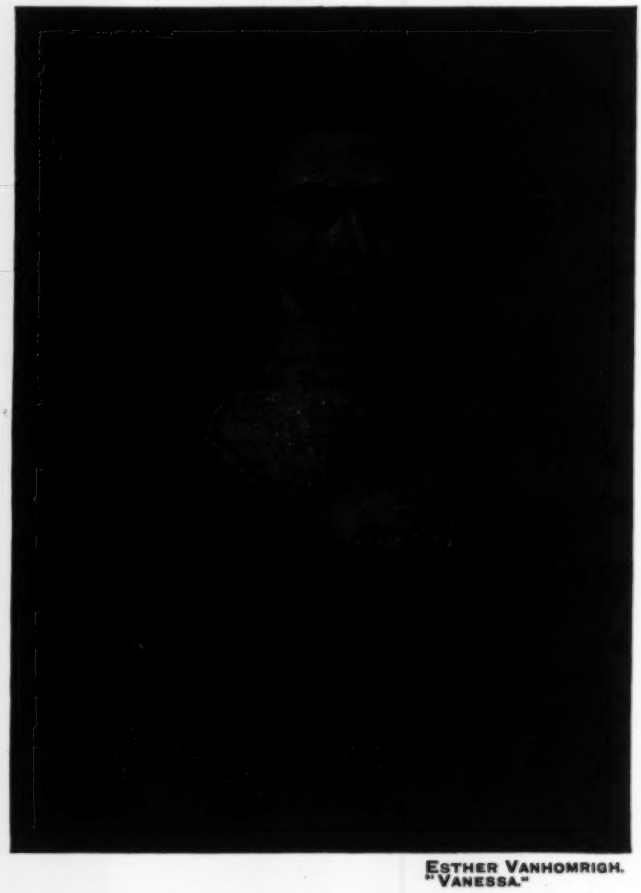
There is a short biographical note at the beginning of this important volume. In it we are given a sketch of the life of the author, and very attractive it is. "In many ways he may be said never to have grown up; he was an English public schoolboy to the day of his death. The richness of his nature, his gift for life, the overwhelming fullness of his temperament that would express itself in every sort of laughter and practical joking, his essential masculinity too, together with his height and bigness generally, made up a figure that can never be forgotten, and that was essentially English." Turning over the pages of this exhaustive and comprehensive piece of work, we can readily believe that enormous care was lavished over it, and all of it bears the priceless stamp of accuracy. The book shows proof of profound scholarship, and teems with facts—witness the masterly chapter on the First Crusade—and there are traces of the writer's passionate enthusiasm for his subject even in the opening paragraph: "From the dim days before the Trojan War, when Pelops, coming from Pisa in Elis, founded the Italian Pisae on the marshy headland between the Arnus and the Ausar, the city's destiny was sealed beyond recall. Of the sea was she born, from the sea she drew her life-blood, and when the sea was lost to her she perished from inanition . . . he who would understand her weakness and her strength, her splendour and her ruin, must never altogether get the sound of the sea out of his ears, nor the smell of the sea out of his nostrils." Naturally this history will be placed on the shelves of learned authorities on mediæval Italy; naturally, without any praise of ours, it will take its place as a standard book of reference, with its notable bibliographical appendix. But we venture to hope that it will fall also into the hands of many of the ignorant who, when they read, will marvel at the amazing history of the ancient town, its sieges, its wars, its captures and raids, in the days when "the adventurous heart of the race, lured on by the magic of the sea, its receding horizons, its danger and its change, spread the glory and the terror of the Pisan name from the shores of Syria to the Pillars of Hercules."

XUM

IN FARTHEST BURMA.

By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD. 25s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Anyone who imagines that the pursuit of botanical investigation is only a mildly exciting affair will have that illusion dispelled by reading Captain F. Kingdon Ward's narrative, "In Farthest Burma." It is one thing to go browsing along the hedges gathering wild flowers, but quite another to scale peaks from ten to fifteen thousand feet above sea-level after days of struggling through dense jungle where the heat weighs on one "like a hot pudding cloth." Those who have experienced tropical temperatures will appreciate this homely metaphor and agree that it is an exceedingly apt one. The book will appeal strongly to those interested in botany, but it is not a "scientific" work; that is to say, it is not a mere catalogue of flowers with Latinised names. A long list is given of some of the more interesting plants which Captain Ward collected, including a number of new species. The reader who is not particularly concerned with the main object of the author's travels will not look at this appendix, but he will read with the greatest interest about the expedition itself. The descriptions of camp life, of the manners and customs of strange peoples living in this curious corner of the world, of animal and insect life, are exceedingly interesting. The optimism of the explorer in the face of appalling difficulties and bitter disappointments, and his consistent good-humour despite the tropical heat and humidity (which eventually bowled him over for six weeks with fever), is something to admire—and to envy. In the concluding chapter Captain Ward deals with the political situation on the North-East frontier. He takes the view that there is a Chinese menace looming up—but space will not permit of even a summary of his argument. We shall content ourselves by expressing the hope that Captain Ward will write more travel books, even if China is "an uncongenial neighbour." After all, can it be claimed that other nations have shown unfailing geniality towards China?



ESTHER VANHOMRIGH. "VANESSA."

Reproduced from the painting by kind permission of Mrs. Solly-Flood.

This interesting portrait of Vanessa, which has not been reproduced before, now appears for the first time in "Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift," edited by Mr. A. Martin Freeman (Selwyn & Blount). Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

THE RUBY OF ST. BENEDICT: A COMMENTARY.

By ABBOT DELATTE. Translated by DOM JUSTIN MCCANN. 21s. net. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

Some years have passed since Dom Hunter-Blair published his useful edition of "The Rule of St. Benedict," an English rendering which had no more than a devotional purpose, so that it said nothing of the great accretion of marginal and historical interest which has grown around the "school of service," as its author called it, in the course of thirteen centuries. The same intention underlies the present commentary by the Abbot of Solesmes, a work of truly remarkable diligence and learning, and distinguished for its fidelity to the aims of his order and its founder. In its careful expansion of a familiar text it corresponds to the well-known work of another French Benedictine, Dom Guéranger's "L'Année Liturgique," especially in its blend of piety and scholarship. Father McCann has given us here a full and enlightened translation, written in a spontaneous and expressive prose which sets aside the feeling that we are studying a text almost coeval with the Vulgate of St. Jerome, through the double lenses of French and English. Here and there a Latinism like "dignity" might well give place to a word of more stable meaning like "worth," but these flaws are rare, and the book may well stand alongside another that hails from the same Abbey of Ampleforth, "The Black Monks of St. Benedict," by Father Ethelred Taunton. Each goes far to explain the other in the separate character of history and interpretation, and to show how the Benedictines in their survival and spread warrant a paraphrase of Macaulay's famous flourish in relation to the Church they serve. The age of saints and legends was succeeded by the era of the Crusades, the Renaissance, systems and institutions, until we have now reached an age of maps and charters; and "the big brothers of the Church" are busy still.

A QUEEN OF THE PADDOCK.

By CHARLES E. PEARCE. 8s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Violetta Vaughan, possessing Irish blue eyes and a handsome audacious mouth, is a fascinating heroine, for she has also an audacious character, and takes her adventures as though they were part of the daily round. Daughter of Captain Vaughan, who was a friend and companion of "bookies" and hangers-on of the turf, she knows as much as there is to know about the seamy side of sporting life; but her love for horses induces her after her father's death to turn to the race course for an income. Having an abnormal instinct for spotting a winner she does not come to grief. She is however handicapped by the men who know her through association with her father, and her adventures in love are thrilling. There are three men who bow to her beauty. Among the three Violetta has a lively time, but she has such a wholesome mind, is so daring and straight, that her personality gives that zest to the story of her doings which makes the reader, taking up the book, want to finish it before putting it down.

From **Historic Paris** (*John Lane*). **COUR DE ROHAN.**

HISTORIC PARIS.

By JETTA S. WOLFF. (The Bodley Head.)

When next you pack up your suitcase for a trip to Paris, put this compact volume in it; there is so much compressed history packed therein. Miss Wolff thinks nothing of setting a dozen dates on a page if needs be, and has a hearty sympathy with those who desire to learn. She proceeds in a very businesslike way at the opening of every chapter, hardly wandering from facts, but in her preface she begs the reader to look up to the roofs of Paris. "The roofs are never alike—wonderfully planned windows, chimneys, balconies, gables, are to be seen on the roofs, often in the most unexpected corners in every part of the *vieux* Paris." There are useful indexes, one to historic persons, another to streets. Miss Wolff's keenness peeps through her most solid paragraphs. The illustrations just lack that touch of charm we could have wished for them.

DARK SIDE OUT.

By ELEANOR ACLAND. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Here we are back in the sixties, when over the dining-room mantelpiece of the bourgeois usually hung a picture of Abraham and Isaac, when the windows were kept shut, when stern and unyielding fathers relentlessly crushed all independence of spirit in their offspring. William Atkinson, owner of a paper-mill in the north, could not abide his eldest boy's goings-on, and so it came to pass that Lanty ran away from home and disappeared for ages, leaving the smug second lad, Joseph, to reign in his stead. After many years came a message from a prison, where Lanty lay dying. Joseph went, and was greatly taken aback to hear a confession from Lanty to the effect that he had a wife and son. That son would get in Joseph's path, would spoil his inheritance, so after Lanty's death he stowed the awkward child away in a lonely farm. Miss Acland has a gift of even narrative, she is wholly mistress of her large canvas, her placid story never lacks interest.

WHEN WE WERE LITTLE.

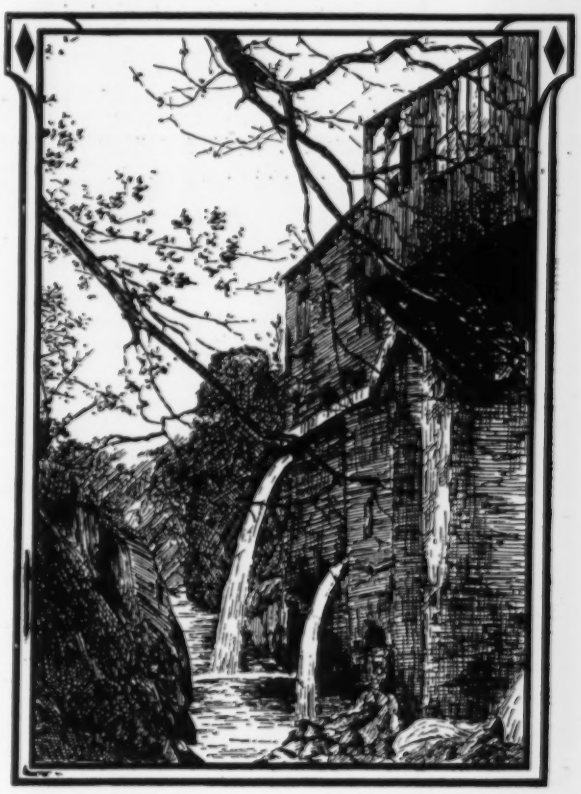
By MARY FANNY YOUNGS. 4s. 6d. (Dent.)

These "Children's Rhymes of Oyster Bay" are issued with an introduction by the late Theodore Roosevelt, and are dedicated to the glorious memory of Quentin Roosevelt—the little lad in the daisy field shown in one of the pretty photographs published with the book. Roosevelt writes affectionately of the poems. "When we were little we lived in an old grey house in Oyster Bay Cove," says Miss Youngs, and Roo. evelt tells of the fact that he and his children were her neighbours, and all lived the life of those who lived winter and summer in the simple pleasant houses beside the shore or on the neighbouring hills of the northern Long Island country. What a wholesome, joyous existence it was! Read this:

"Then after tea we read awhile,
And when I've gone to bed—
When I am safely tucked away,
And all my prayers are said,
Katie upstairs and Grandpa down,
They both begin to sing,
And as I drift away to sleep,
I hear their voices ring—

"'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,'
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,'
'The Church's One Foundation,'
'Jesus loves even Me,'
And that's the very last I hear,
And this is why I say
I *like* my Sunday's different
From any other day!"

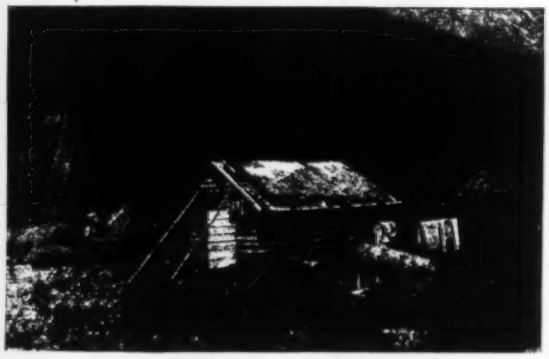
Miss Youngs has a real insight into the child's mind. "The Wise Playmate," musings of a lonely little girl, is proof of that, and the rhymes are full of the sun and smell of growing flowers; and the tale of happy, unclouded hours. A charming collection.



From **Dark Side Out,** By Eleanor Acland (*Sidgwick & Jackson*). **WRAPPER DESIGN.**

GOD'S COUNTRY: THE TRAIL TO HAPPINESS.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.
6s. net. (Duckworth.)



From **God's Country,** By J. O. Curwood (*Duckworth*).

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD AND THE CABIN IN WHICH HE WROTE THIS BOOK.

Mr. J. O. Curwood's confession of faith, as set forth in this book, is one of the happiest things he has ever written. Broadly, it is the story of his life—a wash drawing, not a detailed etching; more particularly it is an account of his conversion from the lover of nature who shows his love by hunting and killing for "sport," to the lover and sympathetic interpreter of nature who hunts and kills only when his next meal depends upon it. It may sound far-fetched, but after reading this most lovable book we feel as though we had shaken hands with the author. He will make many friends through it—more perhaps than he has already made by his delightful studies of animal life in the great North-West. He writes from his home-built cabin, seated on a chair and at a table made by his own hands, in the heart of the wilderness, yet with the sense of the innumerable lives of the forest all round him; and he imparts his gladness to the reader, irresistibly. Some of his experiences with animals are given in the course of the book, wonderful and beautiful enough; yet the chief beauty lies in the evolution of the author's outlook, through periods of self-critical thought, until he arrives at the belief in the unity of all life and man's essential brotherhood with animals. The irreverent might ask his opinions on, let us say, the octopus and the cobra; we have no doubt that Mr. Curwood's answer would be sound and logical. We remain content with his tales of bears and wolves and birds, and are grateful to him for a book that provokes thought and brings him almost into the circle of personal friends.

ALL HANDS ON THE MAIN SHEET!

By B. HECKSTALL-SMITH. 21s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Heckstall-Smith's new volume makes no pretension to be a complete history of contemporary yachting; nor on the other hand can it be called, like his "Helmsman's Handbook," the textbook of the sport. It is a collection of a few personal experiences of yachting in the last thirty-six years, supplemented by valuable chapters dealing with the "America's" Cup, British Yacht Clubs, British Yacht Designers, and a general sketch of yachting from 1884 to 1920. The author accommodates his style to his topic with admirable felicity. He tells his yarns racily and breezily, with no literary flourishes and with no squeamish avoidance of slang; he writes of his highly technical subject with a welcome absence of jargon and with the ease and clarity that distinguish the expert from the man who has merely "mugged up" information; moreover he describes his persons and personages—the latter including King Edward, King George and the ex-Kaiser—with a departure from ceremony which, while never offensive, is agreeably nautical. The writer of this notice, who is no yachtsman, is bound to confess that he became really interested in Mr. Smith's accounts of the racing at Cowes, of the exploits of the *Britannia*, of German yachting before the war, of American and of Scandinavian cruises, and of the struggles for the "America's" Cup. Those who are interested in and who have gone in for yachting are bound to find "All Hands on the Main Sheet!" an enjoyable work. They will find that it reflects some not too flattering sidelights on ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.

From **All Hands on the Main Sheet** (*Grant Richards*).

HUNTER'S QUAY, SCOTLAND. A sketch by the Author.

LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

2s. (Ward, Lock.)

The revised forty-second edition of this most useful guide is one of the things that every visitor to London should carry with him. It is the right size for the pocket and compresses into its two hundred and seventy-two pages an amazing quantity of historical information and those practical directions for getting to all places of interest that are exactly what the visitor needs. The hundred or so illustrations and numerous maps add greatly to its usefulness.

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"All who know anything about London will read the book with delight, and lovers of Dickens will find much to please them."—*Newcastle Chronicle*

Bristol: J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Ltd.

XUM

A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND.

By MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. In 2 vols. 8s. 6d. each. (Batsford.)

That those unfortunate people who suffer under the terrible affliction of blindness are enabled by the wonderful system of Braille to read and enjoy the best of literature has become almost a commonplace, but that it is now possible to present the blind man with a copiously illustrated volume, which is perfectly easy of comprehension to one acquainted with Braille's characters, seems little short of miraculous. As is well known the characters of Braille's alphabet are formed by an arrangement of dots in relief, consisting of varying combinations of from two to six dots in an oblong of which the vertical side may contain three and the horizontal side two. Sixty-three combinations are thus possible, covering the alphabet, punctuation marks, abbreviations, musical signs, etc. The Braille characters are easily written by means of a metal pointed style with which the dots are impressed on the paper. The writing is done from right to left so that when turned over the dots are in relief and can be read by anyone with a knowledge of Braille characters. George Eliot once said that "Blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along already travelled channels, and hindering the course onward," an old truism which has been greatly mitigated by the production in Braille of such books as Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's popular work, "A History of Everyday Things in England." To say nothing of the text, there is an extraordinary charm in the simplicity of the Braille translation of Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's attractive drawings. The skilful way in which the essentials of these drawings are preserved infuses a considerable degree of the spirit and character of the originals in a manner whereby the blind may, by very little mental effort, appreciate the pictorial side of an excellent book. It is obvious that the Braille rendering of these drawings is the work of an artist, but it is curious to notice that in cases of architectural subjects no attempt is made to depict the buildings in perspective, but only to give an elevation. The accompanying reproduction of an example taken from the Braille translation illustrates the character of this extraordinary achievement and is of especial interest when compared with the illustration as it appears in the ordinary edition. Such an achievement must indeed do much to mitigate the danger of melancholia which accompanies the loss of sight, for it must be a great relief for the studious man who is blind to find that he can continue his learning, that the blind architect may be enabled to exercise his critical faculties upon plans and elevations, that the artist deprived of sight may still be able to enjoy some appreciation of the beauty of form in pictorial art, when translated into the Braille system.

From **If Winter Comes,** Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's new Novel (*Hodder & Stoughton*) reviewed in this Number.

COVER DESIGN.

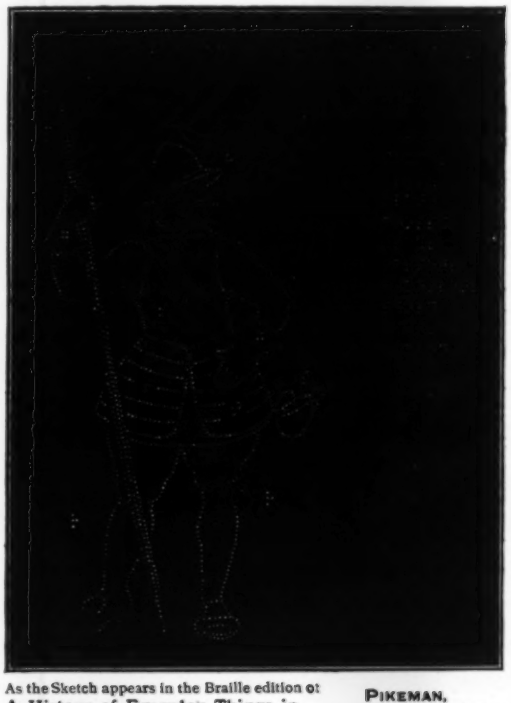
From **A History of Everyday Things in England** (*Batsford*).

PIKEMAN, JAMES I REIGN.

GOING HOME.

By BARRY PAIN. 3s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

This is not Barry Pain at his best, but it is better than the best of most of our humorists. It is a humorous extravaganza with a streak of seriousness underlying it, and there are some delightful characters in it — especially Kate Mason, the bohemian artist, and her maid, Lucy Ellen. If it is a trifle, it is an interesting and amusing trifle, and will serve to pass the hour after dinner very pleasantly.



As the Sketch appears in the Braille edition of **A History of Everyday Things in England** (*Batsford*).

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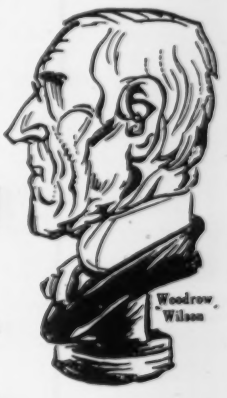

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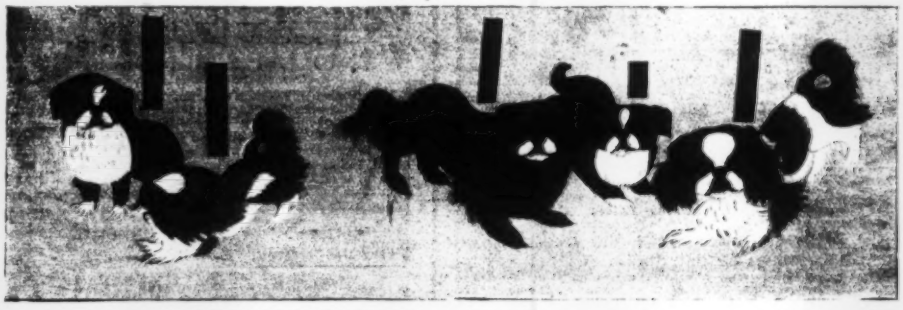
XUM

DOGS OF CHINA AND JAPAN IN NATURE AND ART.

By V. W. F. Collier. £2 2s. (Heinemann.)

If the real dogs of China and Japan were too much like the dogs in pottery and bronze that they send us for our mantelpieces and cabinets, the domestic hearths and homes in those countries would look something of a nightmare. The pug-dog and the Pekingese are odd and grotesque enough, some of them more than others, but in real life, so far as one has seen, they are seldom so fantastically curious as they appear in certain of the paintings and modellings so beautifully reproduced in this book. But the same delightful series of illustrations show that the mastiffs, hunting and other dogs of China and Japan have the beauty and grace that delight us in the fine breeds of Western nations. Japanese literature, the author tells us, has rather neglected dogs, but Chinese makes ample amends. Starting with a geological history of the dog in Europe, the author passes to accounts of dog-worship in Egypt and elsewhere, and so to the story of the early ages of the dog in China and Japan, of how both countries used to reverence the animal, even though the former made culinary uses of it. There are chapters on dog lore and superstition in the East; the dog-kind in symbolism; historical references to the Pekingese and the development of that type; on dog breeding; sporting and guard dogs; on the Chinese pug and his introduction into Europe; on toy dogs in Chinese art, and other aspects of the subject. An admirably written and most interesting book, and one that cannot fail to appeal to all dog lovers. both by reason of that interest and for its historical and technical value. The numerous illustrations in colour and black-and-white add to the value and the attractiveness of an entertaining, informing and artistically produced volume.



From **Dogs of China and Japan in Nature and Art** (*Heinemann*).

Pao-erh (Precious). Lo-sze dog. Length of body 1 ft. 4 in. Height 6·5 in.

Ch'ou-erh (Smell). Hah-pah dog. Length of body 1 ft. 7 in. Height 6·7 in.

Hsing-erh (Apricot). Hah-pah dog. Length of body 1 ft. 6in. "Mother cross-bred."

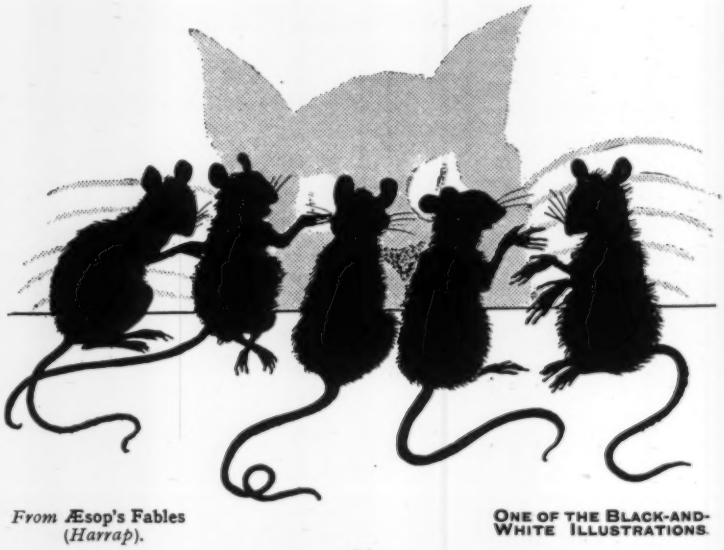
Mo-Hai (Inkstand). Lo-sze Dog.

P'ing-erh (Bottle). Hah-pah dog. Length of body 1 ft. 8·5 in. Height 8·5 in.

SISTER SUE.

By Eleanor H Porter. 7s. 6d (Constable.)

Mrs. Porter dedicated her last book to "the innumerable Sister Sues all over the world who, patient and uncomplaining, lived their 'barren' lives with the life worth while ever beckoning them from afar." Mrs. Porter was aware that to women there is no theme of such eternal interest as that of the self-sacrificing housewife. Men may turn from such tales lightly in their ignorance, but women never. Here the tragedy is poignant enough yet never too terrible, as plucky Sue floats daintily through her most difficult times. She is about to embark on her career as a successful pianist when the troubles begin. Her father becomes a bankrupt and has a nervous breakdown; motherless Sue is obliged to stay with him. And so on. Her lover fails her. She is called on to endure all the vicissitudes of misplaced love. The characters in this sprightly little novel are natural and up to date, the plot is evenly rounded. Wholly unambitious, it is yet a success in its modest way and will be a useful and cheerful companion for many a woman through the autumn evenings.



From Æsop's Fables (*Harrap*).

One of the Black-and-White Illustrations.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Illustrated by Edwin Noble. 6s. (Harrap.)

Children will revel in this edition of "Æsop's Fables," with its beautiful clear type, and clean thick-line drawings. Some of the pictures are in colours, rich, bold colours, satisfying to the eye. Mr. Edwin Noble is to be congratulated on his share in this delightfully artistic book.

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN: MEN AND MUSIC.

By J. B. Trend. 15s. (Constable.)

"A Picture of Modern Spain" furnishes English readers with information about a variety of Spanish topics—the growth of modern educational methods, the work of the essayists and novelists of the 1898 revival, the character of ancient and modern secular music, and the ramifications of the Catalan question. But while it is manifest that the author, Mr. J. B. Trend, is widely conversant with the various manifestations of the intellectual movement which, synchronising with the loss of Cuba and the Philippines, has breathed new life into the spirit of Spain, it is equally obvious that his main interests and his main sympathies are concerned with music, more particularly with the music of the early eighteenth century. This predilection implies, of course, no limitation of outlook or of insight; for the chapters devoted to an account of the work of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios and of his fellow educationists are models of lucid and illuminative exposition, while the analysis of the fiction of Pérez Goldós and of Pio Baroja and the examination of Catalan traditions and aspirations seem as open-minded as they are exhaustive.

THE PACE OF THE OX.

By F. E. Mills Young. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One of South Africa's favourite poets, Mr. Cullen Gouldsbury, furnishes the appropriate title for Miss Mills Young's latest novel of post-war life in Natal. She gives us a typical pair of ex-service men thrown together, and running a cinema show in Port Elizabeth. Tom Radcliffe, however, is unequal to sustaining his creditable war record under the seductions of a peace-time existence; the departure of war-time discipline sends him back to drink and the native savagery of his vile ill-temper. He flings a sneer at Martin Cranmer's one link with the old level of society he had never lost through any fault of his own—his attachment for Gwen Robertson, the rather spoiled daughter of a successful man. Here ends for a time the romance with Gwen, for the sneer leads to a quarrel, and Martin emerges from the tent leaving Tom to be found dead. Gwen swears at the trial that the pistol shot sounded after Martin had left, and though this contravenes the fact there is a moral truth in it, for Radcliffe had committed suicide in a fit of rage and despair, as a letter was to show long years later. Martin, acquitted but embittered, goes up-country, takes a post in a lonely store, and marries the owner's daughter, Millie, a plain and faithful helpmeet who brings him children and happiness and ultimately wealth. For by one of those chances that occur even in life, the storekeeper's holding proves to be an oilfield, so Martin and his wife and children presently go back to the coast and comparative luxury. Gwen's old hold upon him reasserts itself (she is married but childless, and still fascinating), and the climax of the story lies in the quiet way in which the triangular problem is settled for a weak man by the quiet and unhysterical character of his wife. She saves the situation and the happy ending without any breach of probabilities, and this last chapter should be a reproach in its admirable art and cogency to some of those hectic and reckless craftsmen who are setting the fashion in the alleged "love tale" of to-day.

From **The Rajah's Daughter,**
By Mrs. F. E. Penny
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

COVER DESIGN.

RUPERT BROOKE AND SKYROS.

By Stanley Casson. With woodcut illustrations by Phyllis Gardner. 6s. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Casson went to Skyros last April to take out the marble monument that has been placed over the grave of Rupert Brooke, and this is a record of his visit to the island. He gives a brief account of its past, describes it as it is to-day and touches in vivid word-sketches of its people. A very interesting booklet, very beautifully illustrated with six woodcuts made from photographs taken by Mr. Casson during his stay in Skyros.

MR. PUNCH'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

By Charles L. Graves. Vols. I and II. Complete in 4 vols. £3 3s. the set. (Cassell.)

For a history of the Victorian era, particularly as it was reflected in the life of London, there is no truer and no

From **The Black Circle,**
By Cuthbert Edward Baines,

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